PICKING ON THE WEAK SINCE 1990!
#28
PETE BAGGE'S
HATE!
FOR MATURE READERS
$3.95 IN CAN.
$2.95
ZZZZONK!
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IN THIS ISSUE:
ACTION!
LAUGHTER!
ROMANCE!
(AS PICTURED ABOVE)

Barry Black *Tragic Animal Stories*

Archers of Loaf frontman, Eric Bachmann, has once again gathered together his friends to assist with his eclectic solo project, Barry Black. Synth, folk, jazz, ambient, classical, and minimalist drone-scapes blend together to form atmospheric aural imagery. Chaos guides Tragic Animal Stories, an album that follows no melodic "rules". Music devotees will embrace this recording the way Eric Bachmann embraced the challenge of creating music brimming with such diverse styles and directions.

A122 CD/LP

Archers of Loaf *All The Nations Airports*

Weirdo song titles and lyrics stuffed with quips testify to a welcome humor; dissonant guitars lend a wicked edge. ROLLING STONE

Sprung on an audience used to one-dimensional, reactionary blare, the Archers' honest anger is exceptional. SPIN

A100 LP

knapsack *Day Three of My New Life*

A hearty dose of ringing riffs,powerful playing and soaring melodies…ought to set just about anyone's toes a-tapping. If not, you may want to rethink your interest in rock an roll. MAGNET

This album is a masterpiece. JUICE

A095 CD/Limited 2x 10"/CS

Lida Husik *Fly Stereophonic*

Impassioned dreampop with an enticing groove. Lida Husik will take you on a trip through the uncharted territories that reside in your subconscious. You may never want to go back home again.

A121 CD/CS

Matt Keating *Killjoy*

(Keating's work) is shadowy,poignant and introspective, yet with a warm immediacy that touches the listener on impact. B SIDE

Keating is devastating to everyone, including himself VILLAGE VOICE

A093 CD/CS

alias

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BUDDY BRADLEY
© 1997 BY PETER BAGGE. DRAWN BY P. BAGGE + JIM BLANCHARD
NEW YORK METS
1997 SCHEDULE
BAM! BAM! BAM!
...ZZZUNK! -HUH?!
WHUZZAT NOISE?
WHERE AM I?!
...OH YEAH, I KEEP FORGETTING THAT I MOVED INTO THE ROOM BEHIND THE STORE...
BAM! BAM! BAM!
GO AWAY! WE'RE CLOSED!
...@#☆!$$ ...I FEEL LIKE I'M LIVING IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION...
BAM! BAM!
OKAY! OKAY! I'M COMING!

OH NO...
IT'S MY SISTER AND HER LOUD-MOUTHED BRATS...
BAM! BAM!
WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING HERE AT THIS UNGODLY HOUR?
HIYA, UNCLE SMELLY! HEE-YUK!
"UNGODLY"? IT'S PAST NOON ON A MONDAY!
WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING IN YOUR BATHROBE? YOU SHOULD BE OPEN!
WE BROUGHT YOU SOME STUFF!
I NEVER OPEN ON A MONDAY. IT'S MY TRADITIONAL DAY OF REST...
WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL OPEN, SINCE YOU NEVER SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO...
UNCLE BUDDY! LOOK!
...HUH? OH. YOU BROUGHT ME SOME TOY PACKAGES! GOOD BOY, TYLER!
AND YOU OWE ME $3.50! I ALREADY ADDED IT UP!
...WHOA, NOW HOLD ON A SEC, TYLER...
SOME OF THESE BOXES ARE TORN...
?
SEE? THIS ONE'S NO GOOD NOW...
...YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL NOT TO RIP INTO THESE BOXES IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY OFF OF 'EM LATER...
OH...
BUT I'LL PAY YOU THREE BUCKS EVEN FOR THE GOOD ONES. HOW'S THAT SOUND?
OKAY!
HEY! NO FAIR!
WHAT ABOUT ME? I WANNA MAKE SOME MONEY, TOO!
OKAY, BUT DON'T SHOUT! JEEZ...
TELL YOU WHAT: YOU RUN ACROSS THE STREET TO THE DONUT SHOP AND BUY ME TWO GLAZED AND A LARGE COFFEE...
...IF YOU DO THAT FOR ME YOU CAN BUY A DONUT FOR YOU AND YOUR BRO-THER, AND YOU CAN KEEP THE CHANGE...
KA-CHING!
NO SALE
ALL RIGHT!
I WANNA GO, TOO!
C'MON, LET'S RACE!
LET'S NOT AND SAY WE DID...
DON'T FORGET: A LARGE COFFEE! THE BIGGEST SIZE THEY GOT!

...OHHH... MY HEAD...
THAT'S A HEALTHY SOUNDING "BREAKFAST": CHEAP COFFEE AND DONUTS...
IT WORKS FOR ME...
IT MAY HELP TO GET YOUR ASS INTO GEAR, BUT YOU'LL SUFFER FOR IT LATER...
OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME, I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING TOO...
COMICS
LPS
? WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S SOME LEFTOVER LASAGNA I MADE LAST NIGHT...
YUM! SMELLS GOOD! THANKS, SIS!
I FIGURED YOU COULD USE A HOME-COOKED MEAL EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE...
SNIFF! SNIFF!
—OH, AND I BROUGHT YOU A SALAD AS WELL...
A SALAD? UGH!
YES, AND YOU HAVE TO EAT IT, TOO!
YOU DON'T WANT TO WIND UP LIKE DAD WAS, MOANIN' AND GROANIN' ON THE TOILET EVERY MORNING...
OKAY, I'LL EAT THE GOD-DAMNED SALAD...
OY...
...OH, AND, UH, BUDDY?
EEYES?
HAVE YOU THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT THAT FAVOR MOM ASKED OF YOU?
YOU KNOW, ABOUT HIRING BUTCH?
ARRRGH... HERE WE GO AGAIN...
BUT JUST THINK: IF YOU DID HIRE HIM THEN MAYBE YOU COULD OPEN UP ON MONDAYS...
—LOOK, I CAN BARELY AFFORD TO PAY MYSELF THESE DAYS...
BESIDES, I DID GIVE HIM A JOB ONCE, RE-MEMBER?
YOU HAD HIM SPYING ON A TOY STORE! AND HE QUIT OUT OF BOREDOM!
ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS HANG OUT AT THE LOADING DOCKS BEHIND "TOYS 'R' US" AND BUY UP THE STOCK ON CERTAIN "LIMITED ITEMS" THE INSTANT THEY CAME IN...
...BUT THAT CAME TO AN END ONCE HE TRIED TO STEAL STUFF RIGHT OFF OF THE TRUCK, THINKING HE WAS DOING ME A "FAVOR"...
SO HAVE HIM DO SOMETHING ELSE! OTHER-WISE I'M AFRAID HE'LL BECOME TOTALLY INVOLVED IN DRUG DEALING...
WELL, LET ME PUT YOUR FEARS TO REST, BECAUSE HE IS TOTALLY INVOLVED IN—
HEY, UNCLE BUDDY!
BARGE!

...YOU SAID I COULD KEEP THE CHANGE AFTER I PAID FOR THE DONUTS, RIGHT?
YEAH, SO?
CHOMP!
SO THE TOTAL CAME TO EXACTLY WHAT YOU GAVE ME, SO THERE WASN'T ANY CHANGE!
BUT YOU PROMISED ME CHANGE, SO GIVE ME SOME NOW!
?
ALEXIS! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—
NO, NO, IT'S OKAY, BABS...
I DON'T MIND GIVING HER A LITTLE EXTRA CHANGE...
HEY! NO FAIR!
RASZ!
IN FACT, I'M QUITE PROUD OF MY LITTLE NIECE...
IT'S IMPORTANT FOR THESE YOUNG ONES TO LEARN HOW TO BE RUTHLESS, OPPORTUNISTIC, TOTALLY UNNECESSARY MIDDLEMEN IF THEY'RE TO SUCCEED IN LIFE...
I SEE, JUST LIKE THEIR UNCLE BUDDY, I SUPPOSE?
SOME "ROLE MODEL" YOU ARE...
PAT! PAT!
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY...
GIMME, GIMME, GIMME...
I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT YOU, STUFFING YOUR FACE WITH THAT JUNK!
YOU'RE TURNING INTO A TOTAL SLOB!
SO I'M HAVING A "BAD HAIR DAY", WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
UGH! THEY GOT ME THE WRONG KIND OF DONUT!
NEVER MIND YOUR HAIR! LOOK AT HOW YOUR STOMACH STICKS OUT!
AND THIS WHOLE STORE REEKS FROM YOUR B.O.! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU TOOK A BATH? OR EVEN SHAVED?
LEAVE ME ALONE, WOMAN! I DO AS I PLEASE!
FINE! I WON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD...
...(ALTHOUGH I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT YOUR FLY IS WIDE OPEN)...
...(AND I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D TUCK THAT THING BACK IN BEFORE MY KIDS SEE IT POKING OUT OF THERE)...
TOO LATE, MA!
WE ALREADY SAW IT! TEE-HEE!
GIGGLE!

LATER, AROUND 1PM...
HMMM... PERHAPS I SHOULD OPEN UP THE STORE TODAY...
THERE MAY BE SOME FOOT TRAFFIC IF THIS WEATHER HOLDS UP...
I'LL TAKE A PEEK OUTSIDE AND SEE WHAT THE SKY IS LIKE...
—YOW! MY EYES AREN'T ACCUSTOMED TO THE SUN-LIGHT...
IT IS NICE OUT, THOUGH... NICE 'N' BALMY...
MEANWHILE, AT THE NEW ESPRESSO SHOP NEXT DOOR...
...OOH, THERE HE IS!
I WAS WONDERING IF HE WAS GOING TO STEP OUTSIDE TODAY...
WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THAT GUY WHO OWNS THE SECOND HAND SHOP NEXT DOOR...
HE STEPS OUTSIDE IN HIS BATHROBE EVERY DAY JUST BEFORE HE OPENS UP, LIKE HE'S CHECKING TO SEE IF THE WORLD STILL EXISTS...
UGH! HE'S A FILTHY LOOKING THING, ISN'T HE?
YOU AIN'T KIDDING! JUST WATCH: FIRST HE'LL STAND THERE AND SCRATCH HIS STOMACH FOR A WHILE...
...ITCH. SCRATCH...
...THEN HE'LL SCRATCH HIS ASS...
EWW! GROSS!
...ITCH. SCRITCH...
THEN HIS ARM PITS..
...SCRITCH. SCRATCH...
...AFTER WHICH HE'LL ALWAYS GIVE HIS FINGERS A GOOD SNIFF...
...SNIFF. SNIFF...
EWWW! HOW DISGUSTING! AND YOU WATCH HIM DO THIS EVERY DAY? WHY?
I DUNNO. I JUST FIND HIM FASCINATING, I GUESS...
I'M EVEN THINKING OF WRITING A REPORT ON HIM FOR MY SOCIOLOGY CLASS...
WELL, I THINK YOU SHOULD REPORT HIM TO THE MANAGER, BECAUSE HE'S GOTTA BE BAD FOR BUSINESS...
PICK. PICK...
...YEAH, I MIGHT AS WELL OPEN UP...
IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT ANYTHING BETTER TO DO WITH MY HUM-DRUM, UNEVENTFUL EXISTENCE...

MEANWHILE...
...THIS STUPID "MONSTER TRUCK" BUDDY SOLD ME IS A LEMON...
I'M GONNA TAKE THIS HUNK O'JUNK RIGHT BACK TO HIM AND DEMAND MY MONEY BACK!
RUMBLE...
BRUMBLE...
—WHOA! CHECK IT OUT!
THEY GOT SOME BABE-O-LICIOUS EMPLOYEE ACTION AT THAT "STARBUCKS" OVAH THERE...
HEY, PRETTY MAMAS! WHA'S HAPPENIN'!?
—HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING, YOU IDIOT!
?!
HONK! HONK!
BUMP!
...GUESS I'LL HEAD BACK IN AND—
BUMP!
?!?
OOPS!
SCREECH!
OMIGOSH! BUDDY! ARE YOU OKAY?
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I SWEAR!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU MORON!
SINCE WHEN ARE PEOPLE ALLOWED TO DRIVE A TRUCK DOWN THE SIDEWALK?
WHERE'D YOU GET YOUR LICENSE ANYWAY, THE A.S.P.C.A.?
SO YOU'RE OKAY, THEN? WHEW! THAT'S GOOD, 'CUZ I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING...
OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
THAT THIS TRUCK YOU SOLD ME IS NO GOOD, AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK!
WHAT? YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!
FIRST YOU ALMOST RUN ME OVER, AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU MONEY?
YOU STILL OWE ME FOR THAT TRUCK, AND IF YOU DON'T PAY UP BY THE FIRST I'M GONNA SUE YOU FOR RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT!
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
...THAT DOES IT...
I'M NEVER SETTING FOOT OUTSIDE THIS PLACE AGAIN!
SHEESH! WHAT A GROUCH!

4 PM...
...TURNTABLES?
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, "RADIO SHACK"?
JUST HOLD ON A SEC AND HEAR ME OUT...
...WE'VE ALWAYS SOLD A LOT OF USED RECORDS HERE, RIGHT?
AND WHAT'S THE NUMBER ONE COMPLAINT THAT WE'VE RECEIVED FROM VINYL AFICIONADOS THROUGH THE YEARS?
HOW THEY CAN'T FIND A DECENT USED TURNTABLE, BUT—
RIGHT! SO WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THE NEXT TIME ONE OF 'EM STARTS IN WITH HIS BELLY-ACHIN', YOU COULD TURN TO HIM AND SAY: "WELL, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE GOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR RIGHT HERE...
BUT A WORKING USED TURN-TABLE IS RARE AND EXPENSIVE...
...SO WHERE AM I GONNA GET 'EM FROM, LET ALONE MAKE A DECENT PROFIT OFF OF 'EM?
AH-HA! I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT QUESTION...
BECAUSE IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I FOUND SOMEONE WHO CAN FIX ANY BROKEN TURNTABLE YOU BRING HIM!
SO I HAND HIM SOME PIECE OF JUNK I BOUGHT FOR $5.00 AND WALK AWAY LATER WITH SOMETHING YOU COULD EASILY SELL FOR $150.00!
YEAH, BUT MEANWHILE YOU GOTTA PAY THIS GUY FOR PARTS AND LABOR...
NUH-UH! THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF THIS WHOLE ARRANGE-MENT...
...(YA SEE, THIS GUY HAS SOME RATHER PECULIAR "SEXUAL PROCLIVITIES" THAT HE DOESN'T WANT HIS WIFE TO KNOW ABOUT, SO AS A FAVOR TO HIM WHAT I DO IS I—)
ENOUGH! SPARE ME THE DETAILS! I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!
...TELL YOU WHAT: JUST LEAVE THESE THREE THAT YOU BROUGHT HERE, AND WE'LL SEE HOW FAST THEY MOVE...
WHATEVER THEY SELL FOR I'LL SPLIT WITH YOU 60/40, OKAY?
OKAY, AND I GET THE 60%, RIGHT?

WHAT?! WHY SHOULD YOU GET—
BECAUSE! I'M THE ONE WHO'S OUT THERE INVESTING HIS TIME AND MONEY...
ICS
BUT I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO SIT HERE AND WATCH THIS STUFF COLLECT DUST IF IT DOESN'T SELL! PLUS I'M THE ONE WITH THE OVERHEAD—
OKAY, ALL RIGHT! SPARE ME YOUR "OVERHEAD" SPEECH!
...HOW ABOUT WE JUST SPLIT IT 50/50...
UMM...OKAY BUT ONLY ON COMMISSION...
FINE WITH ME, 'CUZ I KNOW THESE BABIES ARE GONNA MOVE...
SO WE GOT OURSELVES A DEAL... NOW TO MAKE ROOM FOR 'EM...
PAT, PAT...
...Y'KNOW SOMETHING, BUDDY? I WAS PRETTY SORE AT YOU WHEN YOU INSISTED ON BUYING ME OUT...
I SORTA TOOK IT PERSONAL...
THAT'S BECAUSE IT WAS PERSONAL.
>SIGH< WHAT-EVER...
BUT THE THING IS, NOW I REALIZE IT'S THE BEST THING THAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO ME...
OH YEAH? HOW SO?
BECAUSE OF THE FREEDOM!
I'M OUT THERE DOIN' MY WHEELIN' 'N' DEALIN' WHEREVER AND WHEN-EVER I WANT TO!
I'M NO LONGER TIED TO THIS FRIGGIN' SHOP!
...ER...NO OFFENSE...
NONE TAKEN. IN FACT, I LIKE BEING "STUCK" HERE WITH GUYS LIKE YOU BRINGING THEIR BUSINESS TO ME...
I GUESS I'M JUST A HERMIT AT HEART...
HUH. SO I GUESS WE'RE BOTH BETTER OFF THEN, EH?
I GUESS...
...SAY, THIS ONE'S A REAL CUTIE, ISN'T SHE?
YUP. SURE IS...
KEE OUT
Y'KNOW, I MAY JUST BUY THIS ONE AND KEEP IT FOR MYSELF...
TOO LATE, PAL. SHE'S COMING HOME WITH ME...

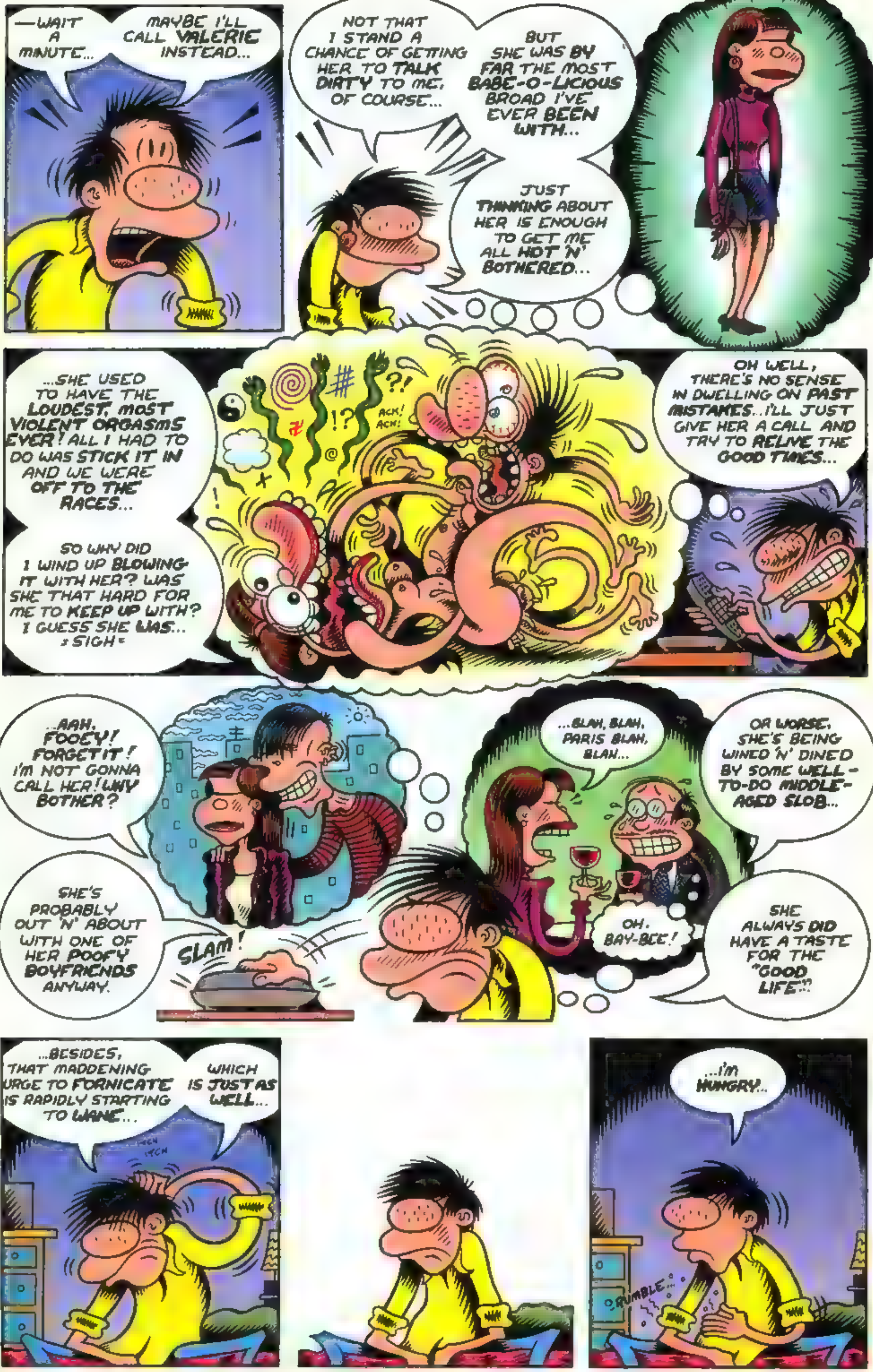
8 PM
WOW! I'VE TAKEN IN OVER THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
AND TO THINK I ALMOST DIDN'T OPEN TODAY...
I'M RICH, RICH, RICH!
I GUESS MONDAY IS A GOOD DAY FOR BUSINESS AFTER ALL...
OOH! WAIT! ARE YOU CLOSING ALREADY?
HUH? ER, YES, I WAS...
WHY, IS THERE SOMETHING YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?
OH, NO, I JUST THOUGHT I'D STOP BY TO SEE IF YOU'RE OKAY...
?!? I BEG YOUR PARDON? DO I KNOW YOU?
OH, I'M SORRY! MY NAME'S SALLY, AND I WORK AT THE STARBUCKS NEXT DOOR...
I, UH, SAW YOU GET HIT BY THAT TRUCK THIS AFTERNOON, SO I...
OH, YEAH... GOD, HOW EMBARRAS-SING...
..THE MORON DRIVING IT USED TO BE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT...
REALLY? GOD...
SO YOU'RE OKAY, THEN? YOU DIDN'T GET HURT AT ALL?
AAH, A FEW BUMPS 'N' BRUISES, IS ALL...
:WHEW!: YOU'RE LUCKY!
SO, WHICH ONE ARE YOU, "B" OR "J"?
HMM? OH, I'M "B," AS IN "BUDDY."
PLEASED TA MEET YA, BUDDY. I'M SALLY...
OOPS!! ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT, DIDN'T I? TEE-HEE!
SHAKE
SHAKE
I'M, UH, SORRY TO SAY I'VE YET TO GO INTO THAT PLACE YOU WORK AT, EVEN THOUGH IT'S RIGHT N—
DON'T BE SORRY. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD...
WOWWW... YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF REALLY COOL JUNK IN THIS STORE...
DO YOU ACTUALLY MAKE A LIVING SELLING STUFF LIKE THIS?
OH, I MANAGE TO SQUEAK BY...
FEEL FREE TO LOOK AROUND. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE...

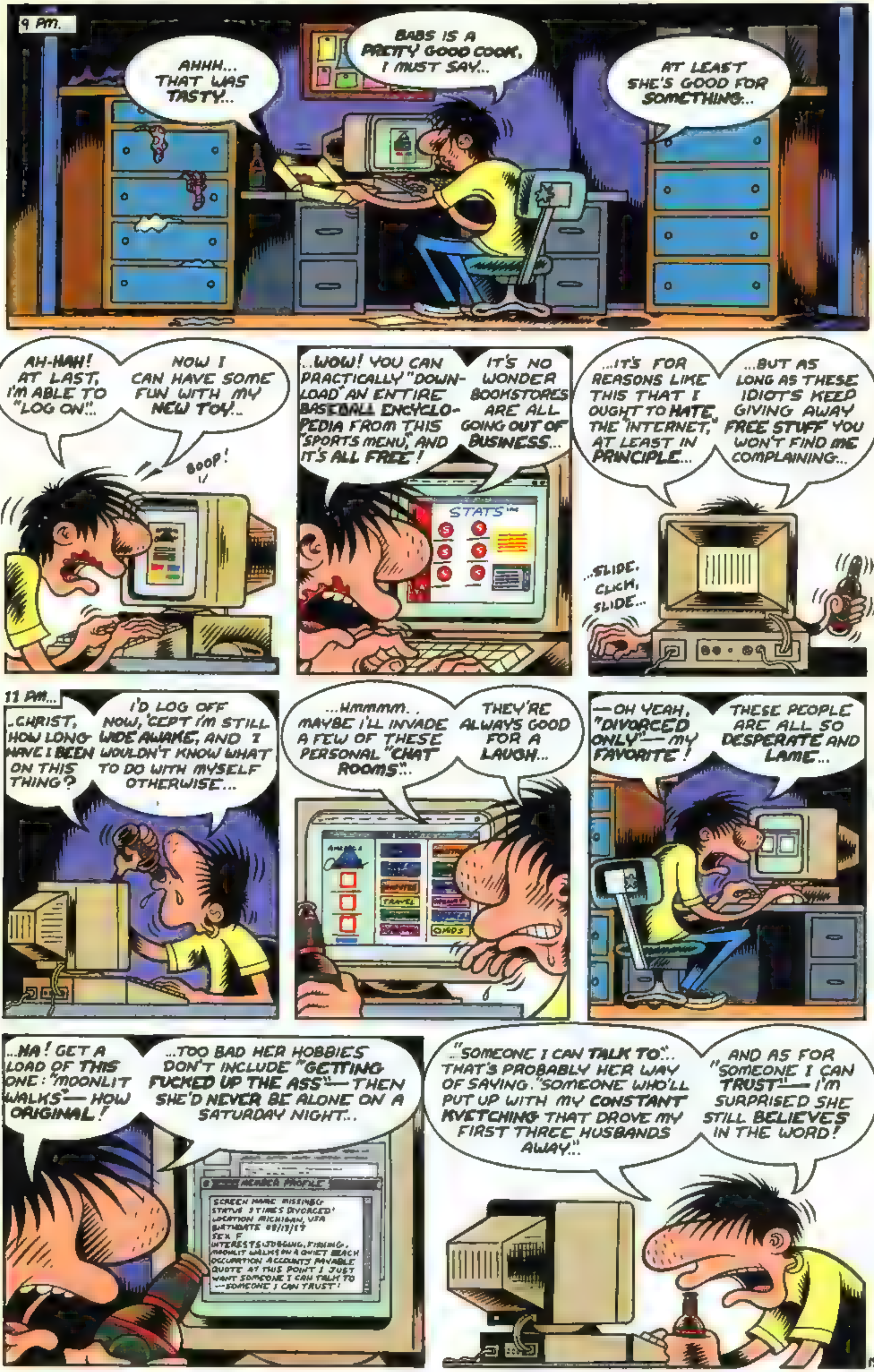
—GASP! OMIGOD!
YOU HAVE TURNTABLES!
OH GOD, I NEED ONE OF THESE SO BAD...
..ESPECIALLY SINCE I JUST INHERITED A HUGE PILE OF OLD L.P.S FROM MY LATE AUNT...
OH, REALLY? LIKE, HOW MANY L.P.S EXACTLY?
OH GOSH, HUNDREDS. TWO HUNDRED, AT LEAST...
ALL REAL OLD STUFF, THOUGH: HARRY BELAFONTE, SIMON + GARFUNKEL, STUFF LIKE THAT..
OH REALLY... HMMM...
I TOOK 'EM MAINLY BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WANTED THEM, EVEN THOUGH I'VE GOT NOTHING TO PLAY 'EM ON...
NUH. WELL, I'LL TELL YA WHAT, SALLY...
..I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD DEAL ON THAT UGLY SONY YOU'RE LOOKING AT IF YOU'LL LET ME MAKE AN OFFER ON YOUR "INHERITANCE"..
MAYBE WE COULD MAKE AN EVEN TRADE..
REALLY? COOL!
— OH, BUT WAIT! IF YOU BUY ALL MY L.P.'S, WHAT WOULD I NEED A TURNTABLE FOR?
OH, BUT I WON'T BUY 'EM ALL! I JUST WANNA PICK THROUGH 'EM...
IN FACT, YOU CAN KEEP THE HARRY BELAFONTE...
HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY PLACE RIGHT NOW AND BRING THE TURNTABLE WITH YOU?
?!? BUT, I DON'T—
THAT WAY WE CAN LISTEN TO ALL THE RECORDS TOGETHER, AND THEN DECIDE WHO GETS TO KEEP WHAT!
IT'LL BE LIKE A RECORD PARTY!
OH, JEEZ, I DUNNO, I—
OH, C'MON! IT'LL BE A BLAST!
BESIDES, DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WEREN'T GOING ANYWHERE?
ER, YES, BUT I'M EXPECTING A CALL FROM MY MOTHER...
PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME...
›TSK!‹ OKAY, LOOK, HERE'S MY NUMBER...
CALL ME WHEN YOU GET SOME FREE TIME, AND WE'LL GET TOGETHER THEN, OKAY?
ERR... OKAY, I, UH...
IN THE MEANTIME, TRY NOT TO GET RUN OVER BY ANY TRUCKS, OKAY?
OKAY! HEH-HEH...
WINK
SLAM!

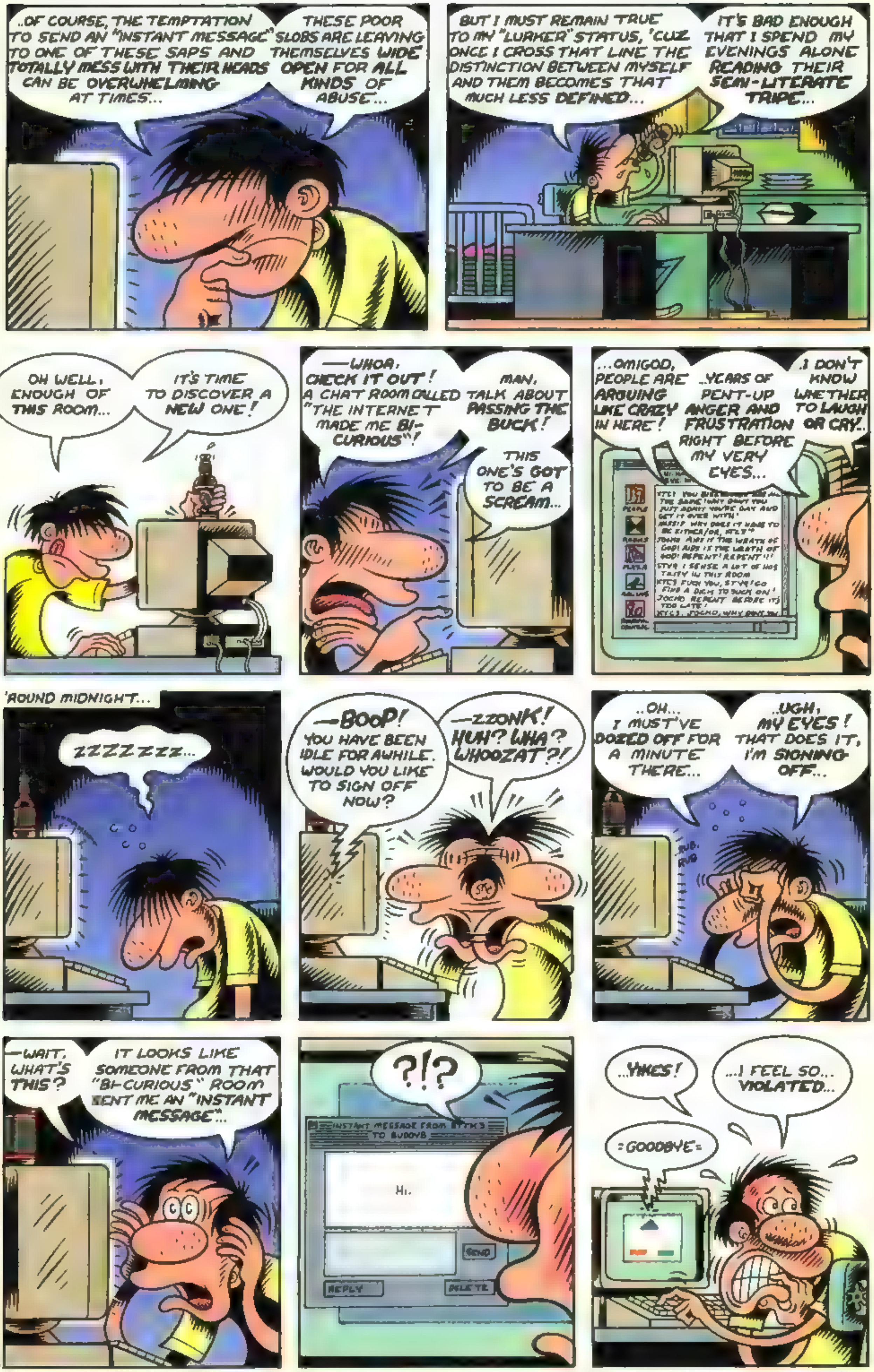
—WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
WAS SHE COMING ON TO ME OR WHAT?!
WHAT AM I SAYING? OF COURSE SHE WAS COMING ON TO ME!
AND I TURNED HER DOWN! WHY? WHAT WAS I THINKING?
"A CALL FROM MY MOTHER"— I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT!
I-I GUESS I FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE SHE WAS SERIOUS— I MEAN, HOW COULD SHE BE?
FOR ONE THING SHE'S AT LEAST A FOOT TALLER THAN ME!
AND LOOK AT ME! I'M PAUNCHY, SMELLY AND OUT OF SHAPE...
BABS WAS RIGHT, I'M A WRECK!
WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND COULD BE ATTRACTED TO THIS?
SHE HAD TO BE PUTTING ME ON! EITHER THAT OR SHE'S TOTALLY INSANE!
THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED, IS ANOTHER CRAZY GIRL-FRIEND!
BITE! CHEW!
.. JUST TEN MINUTES AGO I WAS A PERFECTLY HAPPY LI'L MISER, LOOKING FORWARD TO SPENDING ANOTHER CONTENTED EVENING PICKING MY NOSE AND COUNTING MY MONEY...
BUT NOW LOOK AT ME: MY HEART IS POUNDING AND MY MIND IS RACING, ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THAT PUSHY, AGGRES-IVE WOMAN...
ARRRGH... GODDAMNIT TO HELL...
WHAT DOES SHE WANT FROM ME, ANYWAY? THAT TRAMP! THAT SLUT!
..SIGH..
—THAT DOES IT! I GIVE UP! I'M GONNA CALL THAT WHORE RIGHT NOW, MARCH OVER TO HER APARTMENT, AND GIVE HER A PORKING SHE'LL NEVER FORGET!
BOOP! BEEP! BEEP! BOP! BOOP!

...ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE I WON'T...
CLICK
BESIDES, WHO AM I KIDDING? I AIN'T NO STUD...
..."A PORKING SHE'LL NEVER FORGET." YEAH, RIGHT!
...IN FACT, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE "DONE IT" THAT I'M AFRAID I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW!
WHAT IF I CAN'T GET IT UP?
AND EVEN IF I DID I'D PROBABLY COME IN TWO SECONDS...
...PLUS WHAT IF I GET CRABS FROM HER? OR WORSE?
WHAT IF SHE GOT PREGNANT AND DECIDED TO KEEP IT?!
AAH, FORGET IT! THE NEGATIVES FAR OUTWEIGH THE POSITIVES...
FORGET IT, FORGET IT, FORGET IT...
MY BIGGEST PROBLEM NOW IS THAT I'VE TOTALLY GOT SEX-ON-THE-BRAIN, AND I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE!
MY INSIDES ARE ON FIRE!
I'VE GOT TO GET MY ROCKS OFF OTHER THAN THE USUAL WAY. BUT HOW?
ESPECIALLY SINCE I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THIS ROOM...
...I'D DIAL ONE OF THOSE 1-900 NUMBERS, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT MIGHT BECOME A HABIT...
AN EXPENSIVE ONE, AT THAT...
HEY, MAYBE I COULD ENGAGE THIS SALLY CHICK IN SOME GOOD OL' FASHIONED PHONE SEX!
AFTER ALL, SHE SEEMS LIKE THE "UP-FOR ANYTHING" TYPE!
—NO, BAD IDEA. SHE'LL JUST SAY: "WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER INSTEAD?"
BESIDES, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS WOMAN! HOW COULD I BE SO PRESUMPTUOUS?
...OY...
...THINK... THINK...
TAP TAP

...HMMM... I WONDER...
IT'S BEEN A GOOD LONG WHILE SINCE I'VE LAST SPOKEN TO LISA...
ANY HURT FEELINGS THAT MAY HAVE EXISTED BETWEEN US SURELY MUST HAVE SUBSIDED BY NOW...
AT LEAST TO THE POINT WHERE WE COULD HAVE A CIVILIZED CONVERSATION...
JUST HEARING HER VOICE OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO REVIVE OLD MEMORIES, AND PROVIDE FODDER FOR A HALF-WAY DECENT MASTURBATION SESSION, AT THE VERY LEAST...
AAH, BUT WHAT IF THAT HARD-ASSED LESBO ROOMMATE OF HERS ANSWERS THE PHONE? THAT BITCH HATES ME...
HER MERE PRESENCE WOULD BE ENOUGH TO KILL ANY CHANCE OF ME 'N' LISA EVEN HAVING A FRIENDLY CHAT...
..UH, LOOK, BUDDY, I CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW...
HMMM... I WONDER IF THE TWO OF THEM HAVE EVER GOTTEN IT ON?
THOUGH THE THOUGHT OF THEM MAKIN' OUT— WHAT WITH THEIR SHAVED HEAD AND PIERCINGS AND HAIRY PITS 'N' ALL —KINDA GROSSES ME OUT...
THEY MIGHT AS WELL JOIN THE MARINES WITH THAT LOOK THEY GOT GOIN'...
SMOOCH!
SLORP!
SIGH
...OH, WELL...


—WAIT A MINUTE...
MAYBE I'LL CALL VALERIE INSTEAD...
NOT THAT I STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING HER TO TALK DIRTY TO ME, OF COURSE...
BUT SHE WAS BY FAR THE MOST BABE-O-LICIOUS BROAD I'VE EVER BEEN WITH...
JUST THINKING ABOUT HER IS ENOUGH TO GET ME ALL HOT 'N' BOTHERED...
...SHE USED TO HAVE THE LOUDEST, MOST VIOLENT ORGASMS EVER! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS STICK IT IN AND WE WERE OFF TO THE RACES...
ACK! ACK!
SO WHY DID I WIND UP BLOWING IT WITH HER? WAS SHE THAT HARD FOR ME TO KEEP UP WITH? I GUESS SHE WAS... *SIGH*
OH WELL, THERE'S NO SENSE IN DWELLING ON PAST MISTAKES... I'LL JUST GIVE HER A CALL AND TRY TO RELIVE THE GOOD TIMES...
...AAH, FOOEY! FORGET IT! I'M NOT GONNA CALL HER! WHY BOTHER?
SHE'S PROBABLY OUT 'N' ABOUT WITH ONE OF HER POOFY BOYFRIENDS ANYWAY.
SLAM!
...BLAH, BLAH, PARIS BLAH, BLAH...
OR WORSE, SHE'S BEING WINED 'N' DINED BY SOME WELL-TO-DO MIDDLE-AGED SLOB...
OH, BAY-BEE!
SHE ALWAYS DID HAVE A TASTE FOR THE "GOOD LIFE"!!
...BESIDES, THAT MADDENING URGE TO FORNICATE IS RAPIDLY STARTING TO WANE...
WHICH IS JUST AS WELL...
ITCH ITCH
...I'M HUNGRY...
RUMBLE...


9 PM.
AHHH... THAT WAS TASTY...
BABS IS A PRETTY GOOD COOK, I MUST SAY...
AT LEAST SHE'S GOOD FOR SOMETHING...
AH-HAH! AT LAST, I'M ABLE TO "LOG ON"...
NOW I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH MY NEW TOY...
BOOP!
...WOW! YOU CAN PRACTICALLY "DOWN-LOAD" AN ENTIRE BASEBALL ENCYCLO-PEDIA FROM THIS "SPORTS MENU," AND IT'S ALL FREE!
IT'S NO WONDER BOOKSTORES ARE ALL GOING OUT OF BUSINESS...
STATS
...IT'S FOR REASONS LIKE THIS THAT I OUGHT TO HATE THE "INTERNET," AT LEAST IN PRINCIPLE...
...BUT AS LONG AS THESE IDIOTS KEEP GIVING AWAY FREE STUFF YOU WON'T FIND ME COMPLAINING...
...SLIDE, CLICK, SLIDE...
11 PM...
...CHRIST, HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ON THIS THING?
I'D LOG OFF NOW, 'CEPT I'M STILL WIDE AWAKE, AND I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF OTHERWISE...
...HMMMM... MAYBE I'LL INVADE A FEW OF THESE PERSONAL "CHAT ROOMS"...
THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH...
TRAVEL
—OH YEAH, "DIVORCED ONLY"— MY FAVORITE!
THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL SO DESPERATE AND LAME...
...HA! GET A LOAD OF THIS ONE: "MOONLIT WALKS"— HOW ORIGINAL!
...TOO BAD HER HOBBIES DON'T INCLUDE "GETTING FUCKED UP THE ASS"— THEN SHE'D NEVER BE ALONE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT...
MEMBER PROFILE
STATUS 3 TIMES DIVORCED
LOCATION MICHIGAN, USA
SEX F
MOONLIT WALKS ON A QUIET BEACH
OCCUPATION ACCOUNTS PAYABLE
QUOTE AT THIS POINT I JUST WANT SOMEONE I CAN TALK TO —SOMEONE I CAN TRUST!
"SOMEONE I CAN TALK TO"... THAT'S PROBABLY HER WAY OF SAYING, "SOMEONE WHO'LL PUT UP WITH MY CONSTANT KVETCHING THAT DROVE MY FIRST THREE HUSBANDS AWAY"...
AND AS FOR "SOMEONE I CAN TRUST"— I'M SURPRISED SHE STILL BELIEVES IN THE WORD!

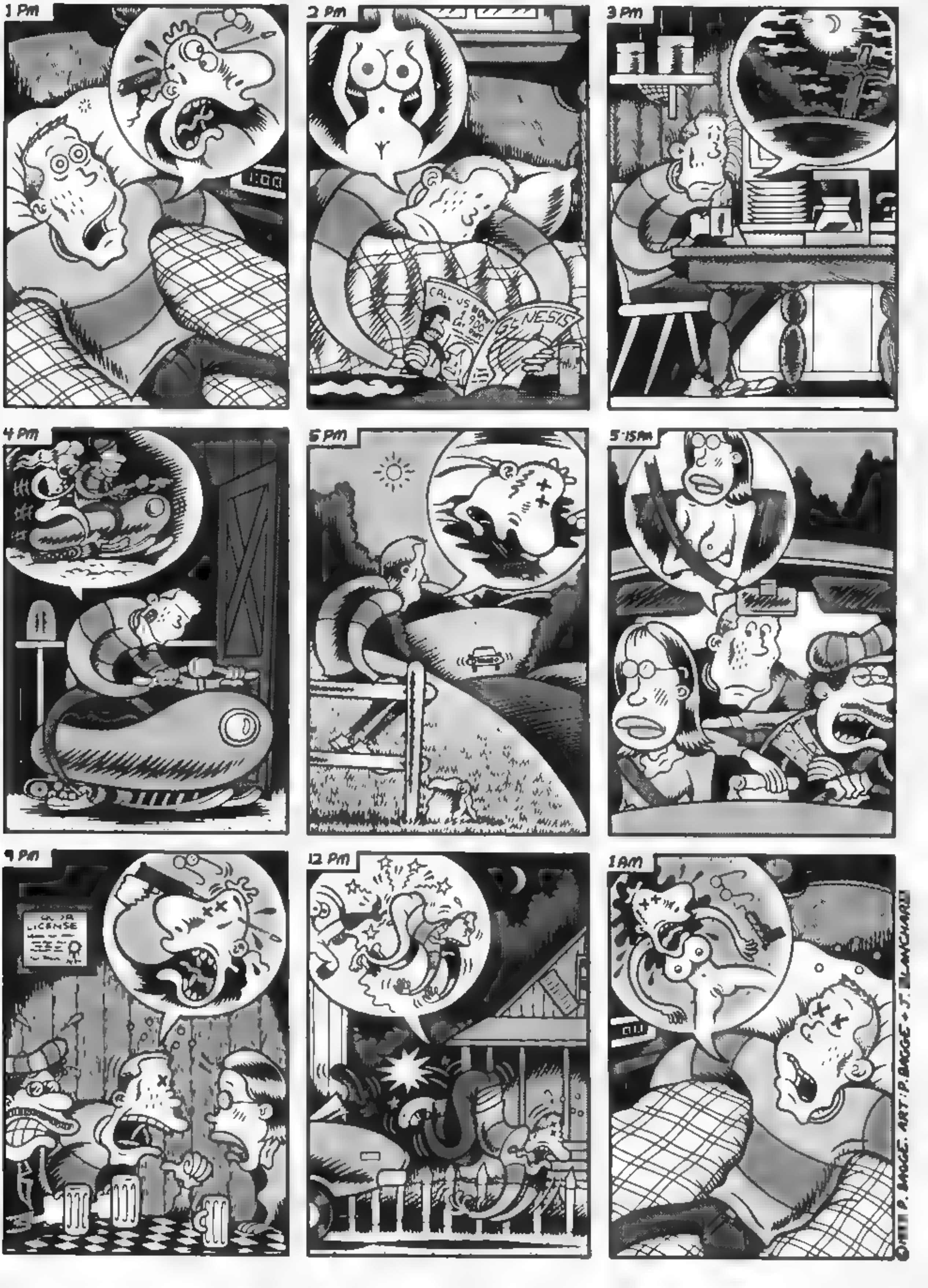


..OF COURSE, THE TEMPTATION TO SEND AN "INSTANT MESSAGE" TO ONE OF THESE SAPS AND TOTALLY MESS WITH THEIR HEADS CAN BE OVERWHELMING AT TIMES...
THESE POOR SLOBS ARE LEAVING THEMSELVES WIDE OPEN FOR ALL KINDS OF ABUSE...
BUT I MUST REMAIN TRUE TO MY "LURKER" STATUS, 'CUZ ONCE I CROSS THAT LINE THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN MYSELF AND THEM BECOMES THAT MUCH LESS DEFINED...
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT I SPEND MY EVENINGS ALONE READING THEIR SEMI-LITERATE TRIPE...
OH WELL, ENOUGH OF THIS ROOM...
IT'S TIME TO DISCOVER A NEW ONE!
—WHOA, CHECK IT OUT! A CHAT ROOM CALLED "THE INTERNET MADE ME BI-CURIOUS"!
MAN, TALK ABOUT PASSING THE BUCK!
THIS ONE'S GOT TO BE A SCREAM...
...OMIGOD, PEOPLE ARE ARGUING LIKE CRAZY IN HERE!
..YEARS OF PENT-UP ANGER AND FRUSTRATION RIGHT BEFORE MY VERY EYES...
..I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY..
'ROUND MIDNIGHT...
ZZZZZZZ...
—BOOP! YOU HAVE BEEN IDLE FOR AWHILE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIGN OFF NOW?
—ZZONK! HUH? WHA? WHOOZAT?!
..OH... I MUST'VE DOZED OFF FOR A MINUTE THERE...
..UGH, MY EYES! THAT DOES IT, I'M SIGNING OFF...
—WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?
IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FROM THAT "BI-CURIOUS" ROOM SENT ME AN "INSTANT MESSAGE"...
?!?
Hi.
SEND
REPLY
DELETE
..YIKES!
..I FEEL SO... VIOLATED...
=GOODBYE=

1 AM.
...ARRGH... THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME...
...I WAKE UP FROM A FIVE MINUTE NAP AND THEN CAN'T GET BACK TO SLEEP...
...WHAT'S CAUSING THIS, I WONDER...LACK OF EXERCISE, MAYBE?
...I MIGHT AS WELL KEEP THE STORE OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY IF THIS INSOMNIA KEEPS UP...
...I WOULD TRY TO MASTURBATE MYSELF TO SLEEP, ONLY MY MIND KEEPS DRIFTING BACK TO THAT "BI-CURIOUS" GUY THAT "I.M."ED ME. I CAN'T HELP PICTURING HIM LOOKING LIKE BILL GATES...
MAYBE IT WAS BILL GATES!
...I GUESS I'M STILL NOT USED TO LIVING ALONE...
...WISH I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT ME TO SLEEP...
...HMMM...
...I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS IN SEATTLE RIGHT NOW...
FIVE MINUTES LATER, AT 10.05 PACIFIC STANDARD TIME...
...WHO WAS THAT ON THE PHONE?
THEY DIDN'T SAY. THEY JUST HUNG UP...
CLICK!
...IT SEEMS LIKE THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING A LOT LATELY, AND ALWAYS RIGHT AROUND THIS TIME...
I WONDER IF IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME PERSON...
AAH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME LONELY OLD PERVERT WHO CAN'T WORK UP THE NERVE TO SPEAK...
...KINDA SAD WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT...
END.

P. MORIARITY PRESENTS:
DE-EVOLUTION OF A DEVO SUIT
IOWA 1977
AND NOW, SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE PRESENTS: DEVO!
WHAT TH-FUCK?
ER--COOL!
SOON
MITCH! HAHA, I GOT MY DEVO SUIT TODAY, DID YOU GET YOURS?..SNICKER... YEP, I GOT THE 3-D GLASSES, T-SHIRT, PANTS, EVERYTHING!
MEET YA ON THE SQUARE!
DEVO
BUT AFTER A WHILE...
ER.. HOMO?
MONGOLOID, HE WAS A MONGOLOID
HEH HEH
ALRIGHT, JOKE'S OVER... I'M STARTING TO FEEL A LITTLE STUPID....
2 YEARS LATER
BZT-SERVICE PLEAS--ER,... DEVO PLEASE! CRACKLE
Ed's GROCERY
BIG SALE! IT'S CRAZY DAYS 'NUTTY PRICES'!
THANK YOU!
SIGH
HE'S ACTING LIKE A ROBOT! THAT'S SO CUTE!
THOSE SUITS ARE A BIG HIT!
HALLOWEEN 1988
OH YEAH, DEVO. I REMEMBER 'EM. "WHIP IT." HEH.
THEY SUCK NOW, THOUGH... ACTUALLY, THEY STARTED TO SUCK THEN, TOO.
HEH
YEAH, WHEN THEY WORE THOSE FLOWER POTS
HAPPY HAL
MANY HALLOWEENS LATER...
COME ON, PAT, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN ARTIST, FOR CRIS'SAKES, CAN'T YOU COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT? DEVO IS LONG GONE AND THAT STUPID SUIT IS FALLING APART! PLUS IT AIN'T EVEN SCARY. ALTHOUGH IT'S GETTING TO BE.
FINALLY
HE'S RIGHT - I'M TOO LAZY TO COME UP WITH A GOOD COSTUME... I GOTTA RETIRE THIS THING!
BUT AFTER A FEW MORE YEARS...
BUT WHY ARE YOU THROWING SO MUCH OF THIS STUFF AWAY?
OH GRANDMA, I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEPT SO MUCH OF THIS JUNK
... BUT FEEL FREE TO TAKE WHATEVER BEFORE I GO TO THE DUMP.
VIVA LA DE-EVOLUTION!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BUTCH BRADLEY



YOU MAKE ME LAUGH!

WRITE TO:
PETER BAGGE % FANTAGRAPHICS,
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE, WA,
98115.
emailbag @ scn.org
or: BaggeHate@aol.com

Hello, Hatesters, and welcome to this, The Self-Defeating, Insiders-Only Contribution to the Continuing-Marginalization and Overall-Declining-Sales-as-well-as-General-Public-Interest issue of HATE! *Move over, Poetry—Here comes COMICS!!!* Yes, it's at desperate times like these that it's not uncommon for the few remaining survivors to begin *consuming* one another, to which all I can say is: Pass the Mustard! ... Before we move on to the usual nonsense, I'd like to thank Steve and Mark of Page 45 in Nottingham, UK, Josh, of Gosh! Comics in London (both are EXCELLENT comic shops, by the way); Paul Gravett and every one else at the Cartoon Art Trust; Charlie Inskip; and Koolist-Kat-in-the-UK Gary Walker of Winja. I'd also like to say hello and thanks to José Maria, Hernán, Ana and everyone else at La Cupula, as well as the wonderful folks at Ficomic for the grand ol' time me and Eric had in Barcelona. *Muchas gracias!* ... Another nice thing about my visit to Spain was discovering what a vibrant and energetic comic and fanzine "scene" they've got goin' on over there. Most of the zines I saw over there are very slickly produced, and tend to cover all aspects of low-brow pop culture, which not only includes the usual subjects like b-movies, comic books and rock and roll, but hard core porno movies as well. They seem to be a bunch of unabashed, enthusiastic porn-hounds over there, and as a result it's very common to have an article about some fave garage band facing another article

about some fave porn actress, complete with photos of her getting fucked up the ass and/or with dicks squirting into her mouth. *Yah-hoo!* It's no wonder these "'zines" are all printed on such nice paper—they probably sell in the *millions!* ... Anyhow, of the countless talented cartoonists whose work I've encountered over there,

here's three that I chose to single out as examples for you HATE readers: Pedro Vera, whose "Nick Platino" stories are *crammed* with references to American B-movies, and rendered in this dense, Basil Wolverton-like drawing style; Juaco Visuete, who's currently working on a series entitled **El Resentido**, or "The resentful one," about a zit-faced, sex-obsessed teenaged boy, which is *own* comics, so of course *I* like it; and Miguel Angel Martin, who I'm told is sort of the "grand-daddy" of the younger generation of Spanish cartoonists, if that makes any sense to you. Miguel draws in somewhat of a traditional super-clean European style, but his stories are far more minimalistic—as well as nihilistic and *grim*—than you would expect from just looking at the art, which I'm also told is the reason that he'll probably never be rich, or at least never have his work optioned by *Disney*, the poor guy. As far as I

know none of these artists have ever had their work translated into English, and I have no idea how effective they'd be if they were, but it'd sure be nice to find out one day... Also from hither and yon—but written in *English*, thankfully, for us monolingual types—is **Street Smell #2**, by an Australian cartoonist named Bruce Mutard, who has been sending me his self-published work for a while now, and shows a marked improvement with each new effort. Both his art and his stories have a similar approach and appeal as Jessica Abel's or Adrian Tomine's: Direct, somewhat bleak slice-o'-life tales drawn in a fairly realistic style. Definitely worth a look! ($5.00, Box 2231, Nth Brighton,

Vic., 3186, Australia) ... In a similar vein is Canadian Steven Gilbert, who just sent me seven whopping issues of his self-pub **I Had A Dream** ($2.95 US, 260 Patterson St., Newmarket, Ont., L3Y-3L8, Canada). Steven lists his main two influences as Chester Brown and Jim Woodring, and it shows in these grim, surrealistic, vaguely connected tales about paranoia, survival and secret government projects. Good stuff! ... Meanwhile, back in the Good Ol' U. S. of A., I came across a curious self-published, digest-sized comic called **Cinder & Ashes #3**, by someone named

D. Yamada, whom I've never heard of and know nothing about. The ambiguous, detached nature of the art and stories make it impossible for me to figure out if the artist is male or female, which I can't help but suspect is *deliberate*, as annoying as that sounds. But this a very attractive, finely drawn comic, where the mostly female and permanently closed-mouthed protagonists relationships 'n stuff. Highly recommended! ($2.00 pp to: Box 251702, LA, CA 90025) ... Meanwhile: *Hide the women and children!* Because B. N. Duncan is back, this time in the form of an 80-page collection of his S&M-related gag panels

called **"Mercy??" "No!!"** ($9.95, from: Greenery Press, 3739 Balboa Ave., #195, S.F., CA, 94121). These comics are reprinted from various SM magazines that B.N frequently contributes to, and the content contained herein is far more varied and profound than most of you might think, especially if all you know about this artist are the letters I reprinted by him in HATE #26. Definitely worth a look... Another surprisingly profound collection of pornography—at least, in my ever-increasingly deranged opinion—is **Singles** by D.B. VelVeeda ($3.50, Box 488, 1573 N Milwaukee Ave., Chi, IL, 60622). I've always been simultaneously drawn to and bewildered by D.B's drawings, which consists mainly of beautifully shaped women presented in this very formalized, almost *iconographic* style. But in this collection these individual 1-page

strips, all of which feature *cum shots* as well as buxom women, add up to form a fascinating whole, for reasons I can't even begin to explain. Okay, I realize I'm sounding like just another smut-peddler trying to *justify his wares* at this point, but see for yourself if you don't believe me! *Then* we'll have a healthy, hearty discussion over "artistic merit!" ... And speaking of smut-peddlers, the above title as well as many others can be obtained through **Dr. Ducky Doolittle's Hypnotic Releases**, a catalog that features a wide variety of zines, booklets and panties(?!?), some but not

all of which are either published and/or authored by self-proclaimed "sexologist" Ms. Dr Ducky herself, but all of which has something has at least *something* to do with good ol' *s-e-x*. Send $1.00 to: Box 1474, NYC, NY, 10009 (Warning: Ms. Doolittle has this *thing* about CLOWNS, which may be a little *frightening* to some people—like *me*, f'rinstance!) ... One last little oddity that I want to bring to your attention is **Jesus Delivers**, a Jack Chick-style mini comic that gives the my-way-or-the-highway evangelical approach to Christianity a well deserved kick in the shorts. Jim Woodring and

David Lasky are the two hell-bound cartoonists responsible for this fine service to humanity, so you *know* it's gotta be worth the

Editor: KIM THOMPSON • Inker: JIM BLANCHARD • Colorist: JOANNE BAGGE Computer Color Separations: CHRIS BROWNRIGG

Art Director: JASON WASKEY • Ad Rep: RHEA PATTON • Filmwork: DIGITAL NOTRHWEST • Publishers: GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON

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measly $1.00 and a stamp that publisher Starhead Comics (Box 30044, Seattle, WA, 98103) is asking for it! ... Oh, and before I forget—since this could *also* be called "The Dan Clowes Referenced Issue" of HATE—I'd like to draw your attention to a self-published, digest-sized 'zine entitled **The Imp #1**, in which editor/publisher Dan Raeburn puts the creator of *Eightball* on the couch in a very detailed, well written, issue-length article/interview. What this means for the future of *Imp*—i.e., whether it will always be a profile on one artist, or a profile on Clowes, or whether another issue will ever come out at all—is a mystery to me, but since an overwhelming majority of you are *8-Ball* readers I'm sure you'll find this a worthwhile endeavor ($3.00 pp to 1454 W. Summerdale #2C, Chi, IL, 60640) ..

..And now for some pearls of wisdom from *you*, the readers of HATE...

YOU BASTARD!!!! How *dare* you kill off Stinky! He was my favorite character in HATE and now he's *gone*! ... But seriously, I kinda expected you to kill him off sooner or later. I just thought there might have been at least one more issue with his antics around New Jersey, and possibly even a muscling-in by Yahtzi Murphy, who in turn runs Buddy's business into the ground. But that's okay, all it means is that for the first time in the five years I've followed your comic my predictions have been wrong.

Now will we see a return of Valerie?

Daniel Eyre, AKA:
"Captain Sensible"
Auckland, NZ

Boy! I certainly didn't expect to see that happen to old Stinky. I had to go back and re-read it about 2-3 times and check to make sure it wasn't a "dream sequence" or sumthin'. When you said at the end of HATE #26 that "Things only get worse" I thought you were gonna have the punks that stole the "Suzy" break into the store, and that Buddy would get shot by the Uzi and be seriously hurt, etc., etc....

Well, that'll learn me to guess at what's next.

Robert Toy,
Waynesville, NC

How could you kill Stinky before I had a chance to date him?!? And in such a sad, anti-climatic way, too. In fact, everyone seems to be exiting stage left in HATEland these days—is this the beginning of a massacre that will finally free you of your 5x yearly burden? I hope not, but please at least ease me into it if it's true. My attachment to your mag has extended to embarrassing acts of devotion: I actually bought a six-pack of Ballard Bitter last week *because it's the beer that Buddy drinks*. Maybe Stinky should have shot *me*.

Maribeth Bruno,
Chicago, IL

P.S.: I like Lisa. So *there*, fanboys.

Well, I couldn't believe you did it until it was starin' at me in all of its 4-color madness—what else but the death of The Old Stinkster! No 900 number to call in and vote, no one-panel-per-page fight with an Alien Being (or at least an old girlfriend), just turn to pg.4 and "Blam!". How ironic, since I'd been re-reading a whole stack of old HATEs and seeing all the "Stinky Dates," etc.; and thinking about how Leonard Brown, for all of his dubious acts and unscrupulous yet predictable behavior was still a lovable character and the yang to Buddy's yin. At first I was kinda pissed off at the way you more or less unceremoniously killed him, but the insane, uncomplicated visuals mirrored Stinky's own no-holds-barred, live-for-today existence. And I suppose it's better than him dying of syphilis at the ripe old age of 40!

So Buddy's gonna live alone now, huh? I hope you really play up on that. Believe you me, it can be a lonely, pathetic grind. Who'da thought I'd turn out to be a 36 year old reclusive fringe dweller, divorced for 2 years with little or no life? Yeah, Pete, keep those HATEs flowing—Trust me, I need 'em!

Steve Miller,
Winston, OR

On re-reading HATE #27, after taking 3 days for it to all sink in, something suddenly struck me: WHY did you kill Stinky off?! He was dead funny, he was—always bugging Buddy, being an arse, etc., etc... Why couldn't you have killed off someone else, like Lisa or Butch? Come to think of it, I liked Mr. Bradley, too. If Jimmy Foley bites it, I'll not be happy.

Kit Jewitt,
Queensland, Australia.

Wow. The last thing I would've expected to happen was for Stinky to blow his brains out. To be honest, though, after you reintroduced The Stinkster I was afraid you were going to revert to the Old HATE. But I don't care if you get rid of all the supporting characters, just leave Jay. He's the one character that actually reminds me of myself (and yes, that's embarrassing enough to admit so I don't need you to tell me so). As to what might happen to Jimmy and Butch and the rest: who cares, low life scum are easy enough to come by. Just don't get rid of Jay.

Brian Pullman,
Buffalo, NY

Drawings of various HATE characters by Karl Micka-Foos, Age 10, Hopewell, NJ

[All this talk of who does and who doesn't deserve to die reminds me of a sign I saw recently posted on the wall of a bar, which read: "The only reason some people are still alive is because it's against the law to KILL them." It was a very friendly bar, too—I guess this sign reminded folks to be on their best behavior! —PB]

Thank you, Mr. Bagge, for getting rid of all those useless fucks: Lisa, Jay and most importantly Stinky. I must admit that when I saw Stink's body just lying there I launched into a jerk-off session of epic proportions.

I would also like to see Buddy's Mom in an adventure of her own, maybe some sort of S&M fetish ritual in which she jams wine bottles and baseball bats up old men's and horses' asses.

Please print my full address:

Brad Wieland,
329 Firwood Dr., Apt. B,
Dayton, OH, 45419

PS.: Who the hell do I gotta fuck to get an "I Love Comics" catalog? *[A WHAT?!? —PB]* I called in Nov. and again in February and never got one! *[Who on EARTH have you been calling? —PB]* What's up with that?!? *[Will someone please make an "I Love Comics" catalog and send it to Brad? He'll fuck you if you do. —PB]*

You mentioned in the back of HATE #27 that a lot of your male readers were cheering the departure of Lisa. What is the matter with them, Peter? Lisa's antics cracked me up—I'm still laughing about the time she went on a date with George and she suggested they play a game of Earthling and Disoriented Alien Girl. C'mon, you guys, you can't tell me that you weren't laughing hysterically when she stuck her butt up in the air and asked George to teach her the ways of Earth! The thing about Lisa is that she's just a really extreme version of

your average girl. As a woman, I can look at Lisa and see shades of myself. Granted, I have never shaved my head and gone around in a burlap bag, but as for the mood-swingy behavior that can *cause* a girl to do things like that... I'm guilty. Just ask my ever-patient boyfriend who got me interested in HATE in the first place (Hi, Joe Lundy!). So with Lisa gone, I feel like I've lost touch with a kindred spirit. Without her, things seem to have taken an even darker turn in HATE-land.

Which brings me to the Death of Stinky. What's going on? Why the purge of two old faithful characters? And where are George and Valerie? I can understand wanting to move Buddy ahead in his life, but isn't there a way to do that with at least a few of his old pals around? Nothing against Pencils and his box of Bugles, but I don't feel a bond with him and I doubt I ever will. Now I'm even afraid that I'm getting too used to Jay, because I'm starting to get the feeling that everyone in Buddy's life is fairly disposable. Maybe that is your point...

Amy Cowles,
Canandaigua, NY

PS: I LOVED the "Caffy" comic in #27! Will we be seeing more Crumb/ Bagge stuff in the future? *[That all depends on A: Coming up with a suitable idea, and B. Crumb being willing and able to do it. —PB]*

I have been thinking about the "new" HATE, and I think I can see where you are headed. As the self-proclaimed "Official Voice of Sellout Nation," I believe that you are about to throw a clever twist our way.

As you revealed in the letters pages of HATE #26, Buddy Bradley's super power is his business savvy. Ah, how the author foreshadowed this startling revelation way back in HATE #s 8, 9, and 11. Buddy is doing well now, but strange things are afoot for our hero. For while there have been many changes in HATE over the last several years, you are about to reveal the most shocking transformation ever. No, not Butch's sex change, but... Buddy Bradley's new costume!

"What?!?", your readers exclaim, "Buddy Bradley would never forsake his trusty yellow shirt!" Ah, but that's where you are wrong, true believers, for Buddy's shirt will be revealed to be an *alien life form*. This will explain Buddy's business acumen, for by HATE #30, the "yellow shirt" will symbolically bond with Yahtzi Murphy, who in turn will gain the super power of *debt consolidation*. It's true: Buddy will literally "lose his shirt," the B&J Collector's Emporium will fail, and Buddy will become a crack addict, garbed in naught but a brown burlap sack.

Yes, things look grim for our hero, but somewhere around HATE # 35, Buddy will find a green power ring with which he shall defeat Yahtzi and the yellow shirt once and for all. At that point the title will change to "The adventures of Buddy Bradley: Power Ranger."

Waiting with baited breath,
Mathew Grillo,
Leverett, MA

Hi, Pete! My name is Carl and I'm a non-recovering alcoholic. I love it! Just a few notes:

1: I remember a Girly-Girl strip where Stinky was a camp councilor who died in a motorcycle wreck. You only live twice, right? So maybe you could have a Star Trek-like thing called "The Search for Stinky," where Stinky's soul is lodged in Buddy's brain;

2: I'm neutral towards "Doofus," but I like The "Smartass"; and finally,

3: Do you share Crumb's obsession with gigantic asses?

Toodles,
Carl Hirschman, AKA
Freddy Clover"
(My porno name),
Long Beach, CA

I demand that you do a flashback sequence of Babs catching Jake the Snake and Pencils goin' at it. Like Stinky said, I think Pencils would definitely be doing the "pitching". The looks on the faces of all concerned would be worth the $3.95 (Can.) alone!

By the way, your new format kicks ass from here 'til Tuesday! Brunetti's a *genius.*

Travis Cadman,
St. Albert, Alberta

PS.: I need to apologize for a previous letter which, while I was a bit unsober, I decided had to be sent *immediately.* I don't remember much about it, only that it was really long and probably didn't make any sense.

Hey, did "Bugles" pay you for their "product placement" in HATEs #26 & 27? Because I know *I* had to "get me some!" (That's what happens if you read HATE after a joint)...

Sean Law,
Vancouver, BC

I actually quit drinking beer and smoking pot long enough to tell you how great #26 was. Every time I see a new issue in the comic shop window I get a rush. I save it to be savored, and I was so happy about the extended comic section in the back. So many different artists and styles, Gilbert H. being the only one I was familiar with. I hope this isn't signaling a demise to the Buddy Bradley stories—I don't know if I could take it.

Please keep doin' what you're doin' so well,

Craig Thrah,
MPLS, MN

PS.. Here's a copy of a record I made of my Mom for your amusement.

[I was SO amused by the simple fact that Craig put out a record by his Mother—a 7" entitled "Hazy Jane," and it's actually very well done folk music—that it inspired the cover that I recently did (along w/ E. Reynolds and R. Altergott) for GOLDMINE's annual "Independent Label" issue, as shown here. (For a copy of "Hazy Jane," write to: American Dreamer Records, Box 582002, MPLS, MN.) —PB]

...Your idea of adding one-page strips by other artists is the most brilliant anyone had in this damn industry in years! It was just what was needed: with the price of comics nowadays, who can afford to buy a few books "just to check"? Maybe you were sell-out scum before, but just for that you merit a u.g. comic grant or foundation in your honor. That's the best way to use your success. Ooh la la (just to sound French), you are cool.

Olivier Petitpas,
Montreal, Que.

So Petey, when th' fuck you coming to Los Angeles again? The last time you were here I was in the 7th grade and too stupid to fully realize the magic of the experience—and too cheap to buy all the shit you tried to pawn off on me! A recap of that day: I get there expecting lines around the block and find I am the only guy there. Look around for a fat, drunken cartoonist sodomizing all the female employees, and am shocked beyond belief to meet respectable looking, tie-wearing you! *[Of course, if you came to one of my signings now you WOULD find a fat, drunken sodomizer. —PB]*

And congrats—nay, MAJOR PROPS on ish #27. The double size is coolio. So Stinky's gone... I'm as indifferent as Buddy... Hey, How th' fuck did you co-write w/ Crumb when he's fagging it up in France?

Jarrett Grode,
LA, CA

PS: I love you more than life itself!
PPS: I'm not gay.

Ok, here's what I can't figure out: Buddy lives in Jersey, and he speaks in Yiddish all the time *[He DOES? —PB]*, but George wrote that he hates The Jews. What deep, dark secret is Buddy keeping from the neo-nazi youth? *[?!? —PB]*

More: Were we to take Buddy Bradley's (former champion of all things cool) clutching of an Alanis "Satan's Daughter" Morissette CD (as if Buddy would ever have a CD player) as another tip-off that HATE is officially *not* cool anymore (as followed up in your spiel section)? *[Anyone who can tell me what this guy is talking about wins a free Alanis Morissette CD. —PB]*

For the record, I went back and read the first 10 or so issues, and nope, it just isn't funny any more. However, I think it's due to the drawings more than the stories: just check out Buddy telling Lisa that Yahtzi Murphy is going

to kill him, or Buddy eating shit off the roof in issue #1 *[?!?!? —PB]*, and then scan the last 5 issues. People's eyes just don't pop out like they used to. Well, that's okay, the last 2 Replacements albums weren't that great either *[That's because they were in Yiddish. —PB]*. Everything has a life span.

Thanks for the years of laughs, I'm moving on.

Philip of
San Francisco

As a member of the Younger Generation, it behooves me to inform you that crack jokes are "out," and PCP jokes are "in."

Please adjust your storyline accordingly.

K. Thor Jensen,
Seattle, WA

Dear Mr. Peter Bagge,

I'm your fan. I'm a Japanese woman. I'm 36 years of age. I know of your comics from the CD *Haircut*, by George Thorogood. My English is very limited. I have a hard time reading your comics. My hobby is drawing comics about the Rolling Stones. I can't draw a picture as well as you. I have great respect for you.

Mineko Yashiro,
Tokyo, Japan

[Mineko's English may not be as good as Buddy Bradley's Yiddish, but her Rolling Stones comics—drawn under the name of Mineko Kamon—are one of the most bizarre, intense things I've ever seen: check out this drawing of Charlie Watts on the double kick! It's a gas, gas, gas!!! ... Oh, and by the way, don't any of you tell Ms. Yashiro that all the drawings I did for that George Thorogood record were secretly inked by none other than Jim Woodring, *a fact that may have her rethinking my worthiness of her respect—and we don't want* that now, do we?*—PB]*

...Seeing as how Harvey Comics is in limbo these days, Fantagraphics should look into buying some of their weirder and less viable characters and starting up a new semi-mainstream line, in the same passive-aggressive spirit as all the early Eros books that *nobody* could jerk off to, like *Box* and *Spank* (at least, I *hope* nobody was jackin' off to them!). I mean, who *wouldn't* jump at the chance to tackle Jackie Jokers, or B-Man, or Sooper Hippy? Shucks, Jim Steranko never did anything as inventive as Spyman's Bandolier of Special-Purpose Fingers for his "Electro-Robot Hand."

Okay, I guess by now I'm just raving, but still, worse ideas are published every week of the year...

Devlin Thompson,
Athens, GA

I have been a HATE reader for three years, having jumped on the Buddy Bradley bandwagon during 1994's "Seattle Period" Your having Buddy move to suburbia and attempt to cope with what he finds there was an excellent decision. Lesser artists would have kept Buddy and his friends stuck in the Emerald City slurping lattes and grumbling about crummy scrunge bands. The expansion to color was also ambitious but satisfying. The only thing you seem to lack is the ability to chose better friends to showcase in HATE.

I'm a relatively open-minded and patient woman, but issue #27 was more than I could stand. With the exceptions of Dame Darcy, Aaron Lee and Ariel Bordeaux, the rest of that issue's offerings were appalling. While I'm all for free speech, I refuse to spend my hard earned cash supporting Selwyn Harris's fascination with his wanker, "Chop Suey's" tampon antics or R. Crumb's continued fetishization of women's rear ends, which he tries to cover up this time under the limpdick excuse that he's doing satire. *[Actually, that was MY "limpdick excuse." —PB]* Not to mention the darling panel where The Fascist Cartoonist beats up his wife. (I won't even get into "Doofus," which has annoyed me since its inception.) All I could think of was, *"This* is a title that I consider to be female friendly?"
I belong to Friends of Lulu, an organization that's trying to bring more women into comics as both creators and consumers. HATE has made it onto the list of titles the organization recommends to female readers new to comics. The additional material in HATE, however, reinforces the same sexist ideals still present in mainstream comics, while touting itself as alternative. Excuse me, but alternative to *what?*

Mr. Bagge, while you may consider yourself and your work all-inclusive (although it's getting hard to tell, what with

Valerie and Lisa gone, Mrs. Bradley moving to Florida and only pathetic Babs Bradley left as any sort of half-baked female character), the majority of the artists whose work appears alongside yours do not seem to regard women favorably. What saddens me is the obvious attempt to pander to the tastes of young male readers. If you're going to keep running this type of crap, why not just change the name from HATE to something more fitting, like "Spank your Crank?" Apparently you don't seem to think your female readers deserve better material than what you're currently running.

Artists have the right to free speech, but I have the right as a consumer not to waste my money on material that's of poor quality. If you're going to insult my intelligence, then you don't deserve my cash. So unfortunately, HATE has been deleted from my subscription list.

With my deepest regrets,
Karen Weis,
Comics Fan/
FoL Member
Burke, VA

[Eee-Yikes! And I thought the inclusion of R. Crumb would help INCREASE subscriptions! .. Oh well, ya win a few, ya lose a few ...

[And speaking of winning a few, I wouldn't mind winning a FEW MILLION MORE READERS like the following ...]

Dear Peter Bagge,

Just another HATE fan writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading HATE, as well as how I got hooked:

I was in the local comic shop with my son as he was picking out his weekly dose of *Spider-Man* and *Animaniacs* (he's 8) when I thought I'd look around to see what they had for us old farts. I immediately spotted HATE on the rack and took it home after a brief page-through—Keep in mind that I haven't picked up a comic since I was 6 or so, and only read stuff like *MAD* or *National Lampoon* as a teen... Anyhow, I was most intrigued not only by your comic (#25, by the way), but by the fan mail, reviews and recommendations for other books to read, and now *I need more!*

Since then (January of this year) I have bought every issue of HATE, as well as the Bradleys collection from *Neat Stuff*, and am now reading every issue over again in sequential order. Even though I'm 38 years old, I identify very much with Buddy. He reminds me a lot of myself in my younger days—and with the family life scenes too now, sad to say...

Meanwhile, I can't find *Nowhere*.. Debbie Drechsler's *Nowhere*, that is... Fantagraphics says they don't carry it, do you know who does? *[Actually, Fantagraphics just started carrying it in their "Ultimate Catalog," but go ahead and write to her publisher, Drawn & Quarterly, at: 5550 Jeane Mance St., #16, Montreal, Que, Canada, H2V-4K6. —PB]*. I've also been reading Art Baxter's *Spud* since you mentioned it, as well as many others you've mentioned, such as "Chop Suey." *[That was before I learned that "Chop Suey" wasn't "female friendly" —PB]*

Thanks, Peter, for turning me on to a whole new world. At thirty-eight I thought I had "seen it all"—Guess I was wrong!

Pat Libretti,
New Paltz, NY

*[*Sniff!*... So I guess there IS hope for this world after all... or at least there's hope for this seemingly hopeless world of "alternative" comics... See ya next ish! —PB]*

Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun, only on A&E!

by Lisa Carver

At best, watching TV is a profoundly physical experience. Especially when watching the bloodthirsty nerds discussing bloodthirsty conquerors on *Biography* on the Arts & Entertainment station: my heart is thumping, my mouth giggling, my brain dark and tumultuous. I appear to be sedentary on the couch, but really there's a lot going on. Like my blood pressure. I recommend smoking unfiltered Camels while watching (unless you normally smoke, then don't—the jitters are good for your viewing pleasure).

The Romans had never seen anything like Attila and his Huns. They ate meat raw, fucked in the street, and you couldn't trust them as far as you could spit. The Romans were busy arguing about God; meanwhile, the Huns were so tough they didn't even have houses

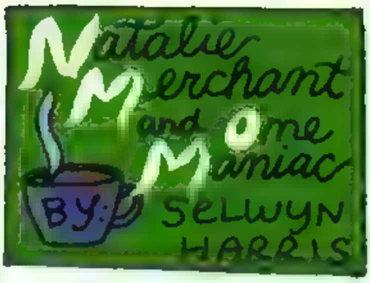
The funny thing is, these A&E narrators are obviously identifying totally with the nomadic barbarians, not the Romans. The narrators are so finely featured and, well, I don't mean to be rude, but weak-looking, talking finely about brutalities, their years of university-training enabling them (just barely) to keep their lust under control. They try to hide their true feelings under polysyllabic words and a slumped-over posture, but we know what's really going on. The camera moves from narrator to narrator, each one more excited and more disturbing. I always wonder about their sex lives. (The editor of this magazine was telling me about a female A&E narrator he saw once, "her skinny birdy neck with a mole on it, her birdy hairdo, glasses, and she kept talking and talking—you couldn't help but think that if you fucked her, you'd unlock the biggest, loudest orgasm.") Those scenes they're always filming in silhouette of hairy men on hairy beasts rising over the hills—the hordes at sunset. Thinking up and filming these scenes is what the Dungeons & Dragons players in high school went on to do for a living. It would be neat to have some illiterate, pirate-looking cad do the narrating. "Then they'd slit the throat of a wench and drink that for fucking breakfast. Har, har, har. Yeah!" Birdy-woman would die just looking at the brute—but what a beautiful death it would be.

Both the Mongols and the Huns were very close to their horses, the narrators inform us. (They can relate; they're very close to their parakeets.) Horses were their only means of transportation (and it's not like you could just walk to the corner store—it was loot or nothing for dinner if a crop wasn't in); they also provided the mare's milk the Huns drank and made cheese from; and I also suspect (though I have no proof of this) that those hungry Huns also ate horseflesh. No wonder stealing a man's horse was punishable by death. I would've said so too, if I were Genghis. You can't just steal the equivalent to a man's car, groceries, and friend in one fell swoop and expect to get a slap on the wrist. Besides, when there are no buildings, how can you put someone in jail? Anyway, there was virtually no crime under Khan's rule.

Attila died in his mid-50s on his wedding night. He got completely wasted and partied serious with his much, much younger bride until he hemorrhaged from the nose and drowned in his own blood. His people showed their sorrow by tearing off their clothes, cutting their hair and mutilating their bodies. (Imagine doing that for Clinton if he popped off tomorrow?) They said womanly wailing wouldn't be enough—blood must flow like a river. Genghis, who killed his first man at 13, escaped every assassin's knife and arrow—finally meeting the fitting end of falling off his horse.

In one generation, the Mongols massacred or assimilated three-fourths of the known world. Imagine that happening today? The funny thing is, once they established control, it was great: a flowering of civilization. All roads open, tolerance of every religion, communication and exchange of ideas between different peoples who hadn't even known of each others' existence before Khan's campaign of terror. But A&E didn't cover that aspect of Khan's rule: I had to read about that in the history books, because those bespectacled A&E guys in rumpled shirts and ties don't give a hoot about peacetime. They're such blood-perverts!

TRUTH IS STANGER THAN FICTION PART: III
MY NIGHTMARES
by: Dame Darcy ©1997
I HAVE NIGHT MARES EVERY NIGHT. THE MOST PROMINENT IN MY MEMORY AS OF LATE BEING...
I SEE A SPACEMAN RIDING ON A MOON BEAM OF LOVE, THEN I SEE A TREE ON A HILL. THE SKY IS CLEAR, THE GREEN GRASS WAVES IN THE BREEZE, I HEAR THE TREE CRYING.
AS I APPROACH I SEE THE WAILING IS COMING FROM HUNDREDS OF BABY HEADS, GROWING FROM THE TREE LIKE FRUIT.
AND THEN I SEE THE SPACE MAN. HE IS RIDING HIS MOON BEAM AGAIN.
HE HAS THE MARK OF CAIN. HE GESTURES TO THE BABY HEADS.
SOME FALL AND SMASH TO THE EARTH BELOW. JOINING HEADS THAT ARE ALREADY THERE, ROTTING IN THE DIRT.
A POOL OF BLOOD RUNS FROM THEIR FRACTURED SKULLS.
THEIR EYES STARE UPWARD AT THE SPACEMAN.
THEIR MOUTHS ARE OPEN AND FULL OF BLOOD.
GOOD MORNING SPACEMAN!
The End



In waltzes Natalie Merchant to the burgeoning, fuzzy-sweater-feeling Fall Cafe (307 Smith Street), in the burgeoning, fuzzy-sweater-feeling Carroll Gardens section of Brooklyn, New York, which is where I live and which is where I've been waiting for Natalie Merchant to show up for some time now. Sweating. I got there early (Natalie Merchant is never late) and I've been slugging coffee and hoping she doesn't notice the bald goofus from VH-1 noodling through the *New York Times* in the corner. Sheesh.

I'm nervous, see. Me and Natalie Merchant, see, we're going on a date, see and now she's here, see, and she sees me and I see her and...you know the feeling.

"You are Selwyn?"

Natalie Merchant spoke to me! I silently swoon after Natalie Merchant speaks to me.

S-s-s'me!" I answer. Just barely.

She smiles. It's all over.

You don't understand (nobody does): I've got it in—I've had it in—for this woman in a big, big way for a long, long time. She is everything I am not and everything right and decent in the human sphere: compassion and sweetness, beauty and wisdom, inspiration and warmth, integrity, loveliness, positivity—a glorious wonderwhirl of soul-boosting talent, the knowledge of how to use it for the betterment of the universe and heavy, heavy breasts. Me, I'm a creep who jerks off a lot. Oftentimes to Natalie Merchant.

And there we are.

"Y-you have trouble getting here?" I stammer

"None at all," Natalie Merchant replies in her deliriously enchanting upstate-New-York-by-way-of-the-Martian-canals inflection. "I rode my bicycle from Park Slope." Of course Natalie Merchant has friends in Park Slope. She also has a bicycle parked outside whose seat is in for some unbelievable sniffing the moment I get it alone.

Natalie Merchant orders tea. I wish I had done the same. I also wish I hadn't been scrawling "YOU'RE *NOT* COOL, UNFUNNY BOWEL-BRAIN SEWER-GASH" over a plug for loathsome fraud Janeane Garofalo in the newly doucherized *New York Post.*

"Do you not care for that woman?" Natalie Merchant inquires.

"Uh...no," I admit. "I just have a hard time with comedians who, you know, don't actually practice comedy. I'm, uh, funny that way."

Natalie Merchant thanks the waitress for carting her chamomile over and she looks adoringly on the toddler fiddling about her wonderful, buckle-booted feet. I want to tell Natalie Merchant how I've gushed for her since I was a braindead punk-rock jackass who hid his 10,000 Maniacs records in Big Black and Butthole Surfers jackets for fear of offending what little mohawk-adorned muff was coming my way, that I once spent half-a-week's salary on a four-track bootleg graced with Natalie's vocals from the impossibly early year of 1981, that when I hear her sing "sit and watch the

river flow" on *Tigerlily*, she whisks me to a far happier place than I ever thought I'd be allowed near. I want to regale her with all this and more, but instead I bitch about some jealous, resentful idiocy. For a change.

"I mean, is there anything lower than the comic whose *raison-d'schtick* is amusing only the *right* people? Standup-era Robin Williams never said *anything* funny, but he'd dress it up in 'kookooman' garb and at least he was going for guffaws. The Janeane Garofalo/Ben Stiller/Kids in the Hall-axis pulls the same garbage—make it look like comedy, sound like comedy, feel like comedy, but stink like feces—only their whole point is to lean back and snort at any bewildered simp who dares to not 'GET' it. Lazy, smug, cowardly, UN-FUCKING-FUNNY fucks. Tell some goddamn jokes! *Get* some goddamn jokes! Christ. That Comedy Central station is like a who's who of who sucks."

Natalie Merchant giggles. I love her.

"I-i-it's like that cretinous bullshit *Welcome to the Dollhouse* movie," I sp-sp-sputter, "whose sole purpose was to beguile and congratulate cunts of either gender into pointing at the screen and whinnying: 'THAT was MEEEEE! I was that put-upon "Wienerdog"!' And it felt so much like a come-on, too, like the writer-director was making goo-goo eyes at the wide world of moronic slags having their retardation stroked and applauded by his stupid-ass piece of shit. 'Hey, babe,' he cooed everytime that rectum-faced bitchling stormed off in one of her too-fucking-cute huffs, 'I *am* your pain.'"

I am embarrassed. I blew my cool. I said "fuck" and "shit" in the presence of Natalie Merchant. Fuck. Shit.

Natalie Merchant swallows her tea and looks at me hard. I am afraid of what is to follow. She parts her lush pucker-pillows and speaks. "I can state, without hyperbole, that the crimes you have just described to me are ten million times worse than all the human rights violations I've been protesting in Tibet and Africa and Central America and all the other trouble spots on this desperate globe combined."

Her head falls into her hand. She weeps. I reach out to console her. She collapses in my arms. I can't believe this is happening.

"W-would you like to go back to my apartment and watch *Showgirls*," I ask, "and then maybe go on the roof and drop water-balloons on winos?"

Natalie Merchant looks at me, her beyond-dreamy brown eyes wet with tears and her gorgeous, raven mane shimmering in the light from outside and she tells me, "That is the most beautiful invitation I've ever received in my life."

My heart explodes. I draw her in. I don't know if I can ever let her go.

"Just please," Natalie Merchant adds, "while we're there, would you rant and rave for hours and hours about how Michael-O'Donoghue-plus-Travis-Bickle is the deadly cultural equation responsible for the damnable scads of voracious 'lone-nut' urethra-drips thumbing through Jeff Koyen's *Crank*, renting *Chickenhawk* and Xeroxing their old John Wayne Gacy correspondences?"

I am speechless. Natalie Merchant leans in to kiss me.

And then I woke up.

Selwyn Harris, AKA "The Irish Republican A-hole," can be reached at: guttersnipe@bigfoot.com

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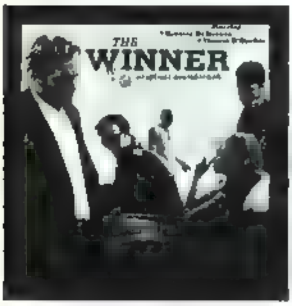
Play Your Hand To The *Cha***Cha***Cha*...



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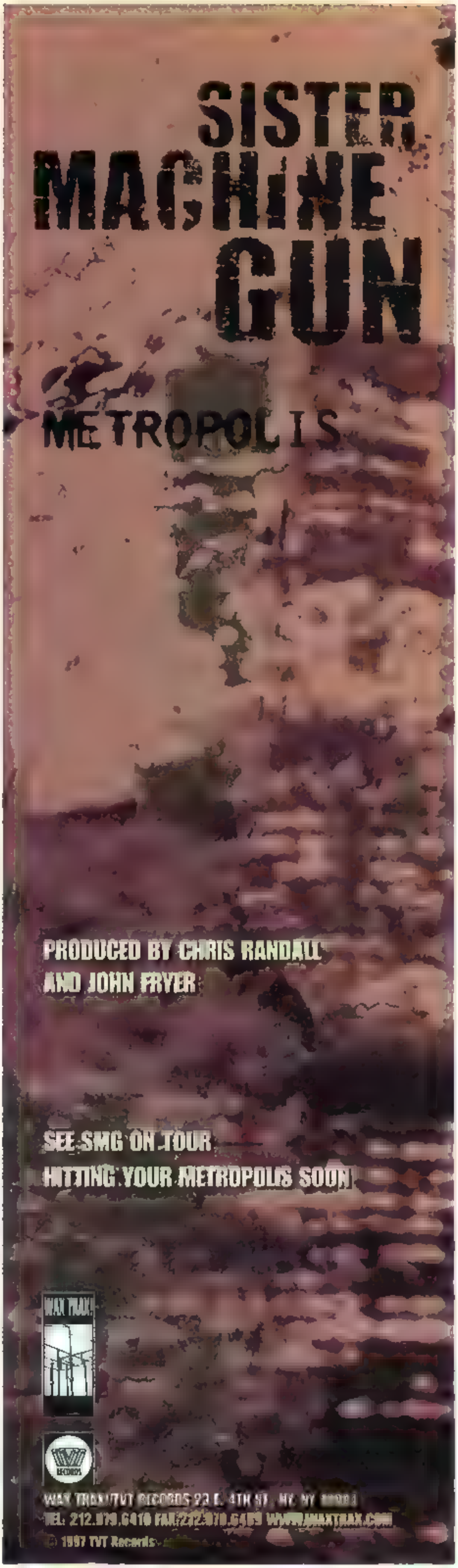

Kickin' Ass
with Aaron Lee

MODERN COLUMNIST

A Kickin' Ass Special Edition

by Aaron Lee

THE CURRENT SITUATION

In 1990, eight years after Art Buchwald won the Pulitzer Prize for Outstanding Commentary (with a New York Herald Tribune column entitled, "If I Had a Dime for All the Spare Change In My Couch Cushions"), the popular humorist successfully sued Paramount Pictures for ripping off his story idea to create an Eddie Murphy star vehicle, *Coming to America* (1988). Art won $250,000 plus 19% of the net profits (then estimated at $128 million in the United States alone). Here we have the first inkling that writing a stupid humor column may involve some sort of windfall other than a free copy of the new *Hate* and an Eros Comix gift certificate worth "up to but not exceeding" $10.

At this moment there are (I'm guessing) no less than 3,000 people in America who identify themselves as "columnists." Of these, 850 have appeared in *Hate*'s "new format." Lisa Carver, for instance, wrote about her rape fantasies; Selwyn Harris shared teenage remembrances of sodomizing an ex-girlfriend. Therefore, the young columnist of 1998 faces a dilemma: How to assert his or her voice in a field where so many people are already writing about forced sex? Will this lead to a lull, or an ever-expanding readership within Turkish prisons?

And where do the remaining... *uhh...* let me get my calculator out... carry the... OK, where do the remaining 2,150 columnists fit in to all this? The Humor Column field (I direct this discussion to Humor Columns rather than Sports or Advice columns because I don't know anything about sports, and Ann Landers is an old hag) at large is populated by 25-year-old white males trapped in horrifying, soul-crushing day jobs who take revenge on the world via warmed-over Ed Anger shtick; and Dave Barry.

SO, WHY A COLUMNIST?

To those of us "in the know" (i.e., those of us with regular columns in *Hate)*, a Humor Column has an in-

herent energy; a near-electric charge that would be difficult to define, but probably involves fumes from open paint cans. To the rest of you, who actually have to read the thing, a Humor Column makes little sense and inspires an angry letter to Peter Bagge. This built-in aesthetic, what we might call the "Why-the-fuck-does-this-guy-get-to-write-in-*Hate*-value," manifests itself both in terms of the Reader, who often will obsess over every pop culture reference and in-joke, convinced he or she is being personally attacked by the columnist; and the Creator (or, as he is commonly known, "That Douchebag"), who covets the Reader's approval because he came from a dysfunctional family. Just like Dave Barry.

TO THE YOUNG COLUMNIST

The sheer amount of craft for which the columnist is responsible (from veiled insults to cheap potshots to blowing deadlines, etc., etc., etc.) takes years for even the most passive-aggressive fuck-up to perform in a half-assed manner; a process made all the more difficult by the woeful lack of satisfying examples to follow (now that Marvel Comics no longer contain "Stan's Soapbox"). Frustrated and bewildered, the columnist must sit around his apartment in the nude, eat meatball sandwiches and smell his fingers a lot. Ideally, therefore, the columnist should do his best work in his forties or fifties, after he's had a chance to actually score a girlfriend. But only a few, determined souls are able to maintain a warmed-over Ed Anger shtick for that long without giving in to Dave Barry's sexual advances.

Some ideas to consider: Humor Columns tend toward the observational ("What happens to that other sock in the dryer?"). Let's focus our tee-hees on topics untouched by Jerry Seinfeld, such as electrolysis, polio outbreaks and why men always leave the seat up.

THE FUTURE AND BEYOND

As we enter a digital age, voiceless and impotent (which can't help but remind one of the punchline to a very old joke: "The doctor say I'se im-*potent*, so I'se gonna dress im-*potent*"), the fragile chemistry of this, our "instant access" (or constant excess), hand-held culture... oh, fuck it. What the hell was Clowes getting at with the whole "Modern Cartoonist" bit, anyway? That last *Eightball* was so goddamn bizarre, it made "Velvet Glove" look like *For Better Or Freakin' Worse*. Not that I actually read *For Better Or Worse*; I just flip by it on my way to Dave Barry. Don't you love Dave Barry?

In Memory of Mike Royko (1933—1997)

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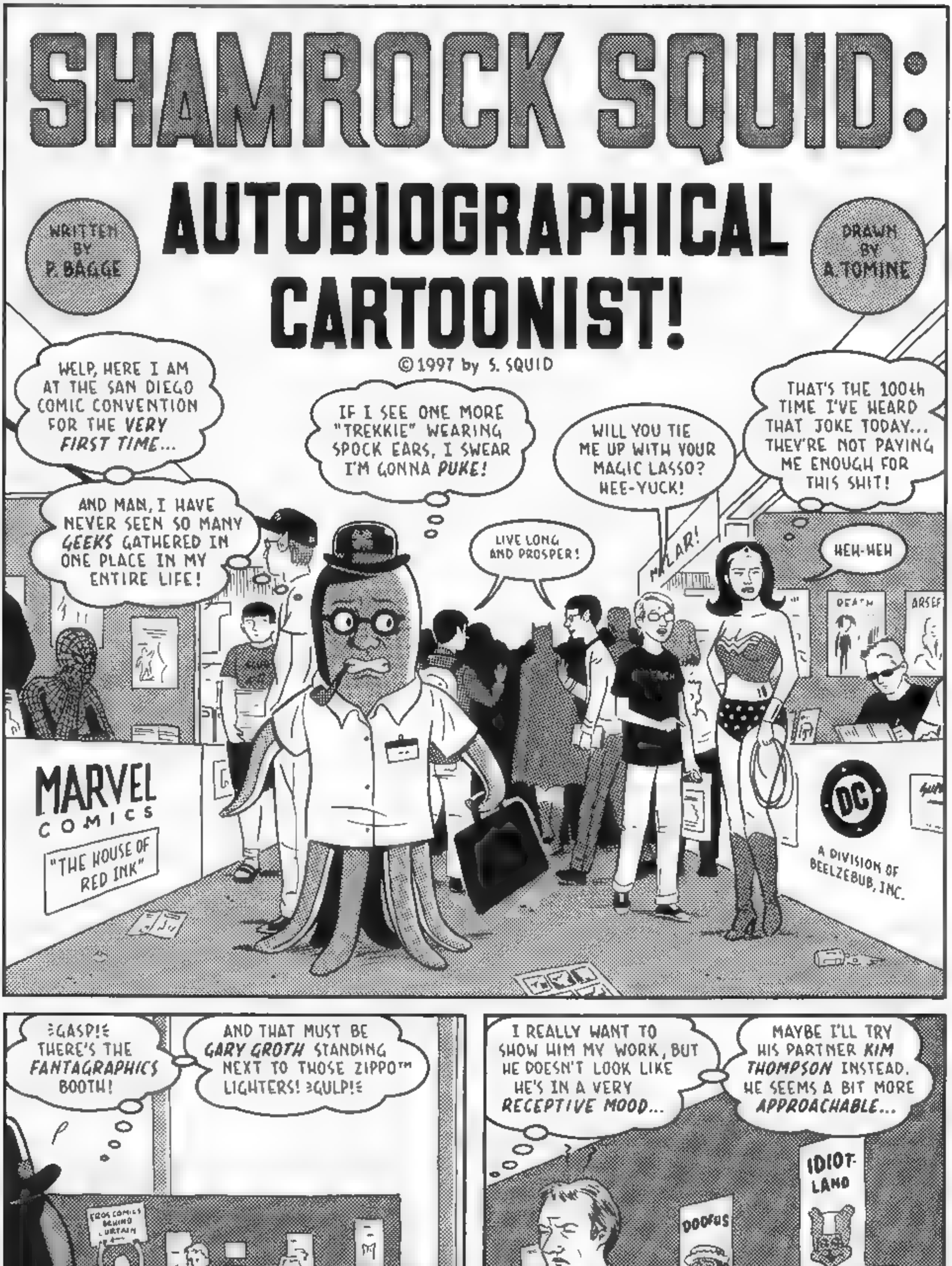
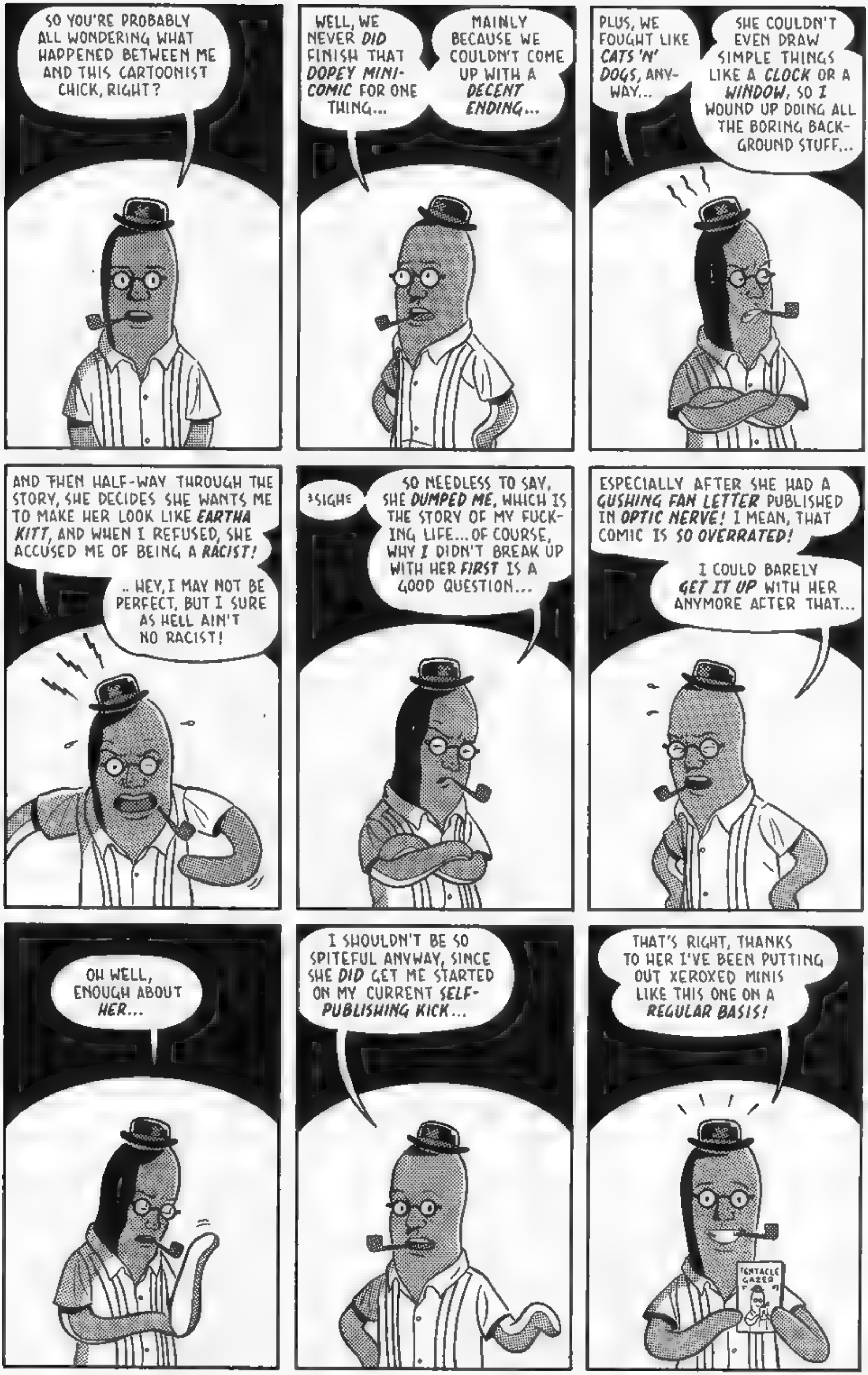

SHAMROCK SQUID:
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL CARTOONIST!
WRITTEN BY P. BAGGE
DRAWN BY A. TOMINE
©1997 by S. SQUID
WELP, HERE I AM AT THE SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME...
AND MAN, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SO MANY GEEKS GATHERED IN ONE PLACE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!
IF I SEE ONE MORE "TREKKIE" WEARING SPOCK EARS, I SWEAR I'M GONNA PUKE!
LIVE LONG AND PROSPER!
WILL YOU TIE ME UP WITH YOUR MAGIC LASSO? HEE-YUCK!
THAT'S THE 100th TIME I'VE HEARD THAT JOKE TODAY... THEY'RE NOT PAYING ME ENOUGH FOR THIS SHIT!
HEH-HEH
MARVEL COMICS
"THE HOUSE OF RED INK"
DC
A DIVISION OF BEELZEBUB, INC.
≷GASP!≶ THERE'S THE FANTAGRAPHICS BOOTH!
AND THAT MUST BE GARY GROTH STANDING NEXT TO THOSE ZIPPO™ LIGHTERS! ≷GULP!≶
EROS COMICS BEHIND CURTAIN
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
"THE HOUSE OF ARROGANCE"
I REALLY WANT TO SHOW HIM MY WORK, BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S IN A VERY RECEPTIVE MOOD...
MAYBE I'LL TRY HIS PARTNER KIM THOMPSON INSTEAD. HE SEEMS A BIT MORE APPROACHABLE...
IDIOT-LAND
DOOFUS
ZIPPO
ZIPPO

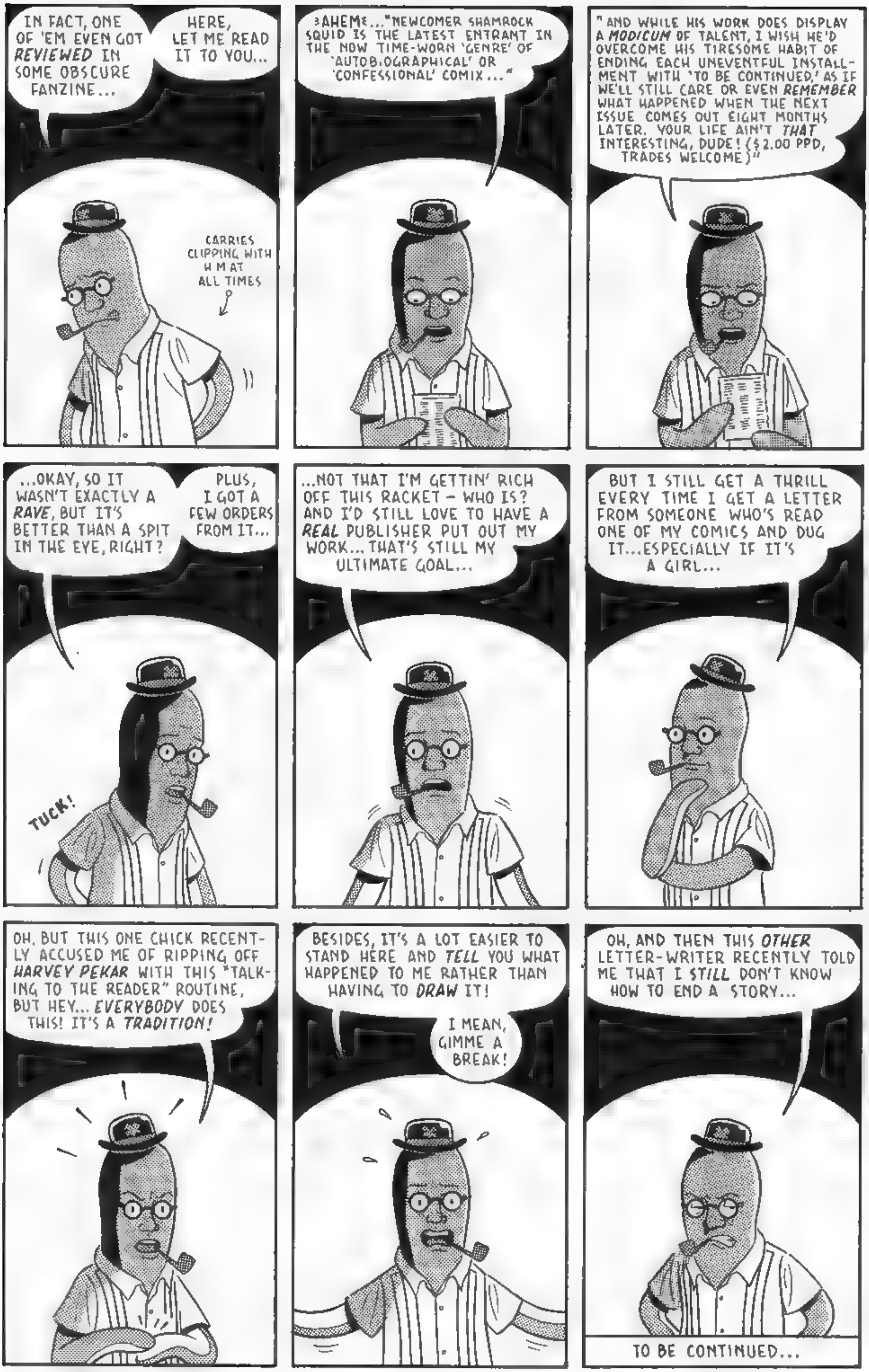
* WHY DOES EVERYONE ACCUSE ME OF THIS? -S. SQUID

DAYS LATER (BACK IN MY BELOVED GUN-FREE HOME OF CANADA), I GET TOGETHER WITH MY GOOD FRIENDS AND CONFIDANTS, JOE MATT, CHESTER BROWN, AND SETH...
SIGH I GIVE UP! WHAT'S THE POINT IN DRAWING COMIC BOOKS ANYWAY? THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT!
THE POINT IS SELF-EXPRESSION, NOT MONEY! RIGHT, JOE?
RIGHT! ...SAY, ARE YOU GONNA EAT YOUR CRACKERS, SHAMROCK?
JET FUEL CAFE
RAPTOR
HUH? OH, NO. YOU CAN HAVE THEM...
THANKS!
BESIDES, SHAMROCK, YOU'VE HARDLY EXHAUSTED ALL YOUR POSSIBILITIES...
LUNGE!
LIKE, HAVE YOU EVER SUBMITTED ANYTHING TO ANTHOLOGIES LIKE ZERO ZERO OR DRAWN AND QUARTERLY?
ARE YOU KIDDING? THE EDITORS OF THOSE MAGAZINES ALL BUT TOLD ME TO GO JUMP IN THE LAKE!
HEY SHAMMY, MIND IF I FINISH YOUR WATER?
CHOMP
CHOMP
HMM? OH, ER, I-
THANKS!
WELL, HOW ABOUT SELF-PUBLISHING? HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT?
SWIG!
SELF-PUBLISH? NO WAY! I COULDN'T AFFORD IT!
..BESIDES, NO ONE WOULD EVER SEE IT!
WELL, YOU COULD TRY GETTING IT PLUGGED IN FACTSHEET 5 OR IN PETER BAGGE'S HATE.
PETER BAGGE? OH MAN, I DON'T KNOW...ISN'T HE A LYNDON LaROUCHE SUPPORTER OR SOMETHING?
SO WHAT IF HE IS? HE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE A TOTAL GENIUS!
PETER BAGGE IS MY FAVORITE CARTOONIST WHO EVER LIVED!
...MIND IF I JERK OFF INTO YOUR SOUP?

LATER, AT THE LOCAL COPY SHOP...
I SURE HOPE THE XERIC FOUNDATION AGREES TO GIVE ME A GRANT...
...OR MAYBE I SHOULD APPLY FOR A GOVERNMENT GRANT FOR MY CONTRIBUTIONS TO CANADIAN CULTURE!
GASP! IT'S THE CUTE GIRL! AND SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WORKING HERE TODAY!
THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HER! GULP!
HI! CAN I HELP YOU?
Y-Y-YES, I-I-I-I-I...
OH WOW! COMICS!
DID YOU DO THESE?
Y-Y-YES, I-I-I-I I-I...
CRUSTY CRUSTACEAN
COOL! COMICS ARE COOL!
I LOVE LYNDA BARRY, DON'T YOU?
Y-Y-YES, I-I-I-I...
...AND THOSE TWO SISTERS THAT DRAW LOVE & ROCKETS - I'M TOTALLY INSPIRED BY THEM!
?!? Y-YOU MEAN, YOU DRAW COMICS, TOO?
UM-HMM! HERE...HERE'S A COPY OF MY "MINI."
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
MY SO-CALLED ANGST #8
I HATE MYSELF!
I LOVE MYSELF!
TSK! WHY ARE GUYS ALWAYS SURPRISED WHEN A GIRL DRAWS COMICS? GHOD...
UHH... DID YOU SAY YOU'RE INSPIRED BY LOVE & ROCKETS?
UGH! THIS IS GARBAGE!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, WE STARTED A "RELATIONSHIP".
Y'KNOW, I REALLY THINK YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF TALENT...
GEE! YA REALLY THINK SO?
ZZ TOP
UH-HUH, BUT WHY DO YOU PUT TENTACLES ON EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING? WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?
WELL, GOSH... I DUNNO...'CAUSE TENTACLES ARE ALWAYS FUNNY I GUESS...
TENTACLE GAZER
I HATE THIS MODERN WORLD.
ESPECIALLY COMPUTERS! UGH!
I'M SUCH A NOSTALGIC FELLOW...
I WISH IT WAS THE 70'S AGAIN!
HEY, WE SHOULD DO A COMIC TOGETHER! WOULDN'T THAT BE GREAT?
UH, SURE... ONLY WHO WOULD PUBLISH IT? I CAN'T EVEN GET MY OWN WORK PUB-
DOGSTAR
"32 STORIES"
JOAN ARMATRADING
SO WHAT?!? WE'LL PRINT IT OURSELVES, LIKE I ALWAYS DO!
BUT I'M BROKE!
WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR IT! I'LL JUST PRINT IT UP AT WORK WHEN THE BOSS ISN'T LOOKING!
WITH WHAT THAT PIG PAYS ME, I FEEL I'M ENTITLED...
BUT-
LOOK, WHY DO YOU WANNA WORK FOR FAT-CAT REPUBLICAN CORPORATIONS LIKE D.C. OR FANTAGRAPHICS ANYWAY? THEY'LL JUST EXPLOIT YOU AND TAKE CREDIT FOR YOUR IDEAS!
D.I.Y. IS THE ONLY WAY TO GO, MAN! VIVA LA 'ZINE REVOLUTION!
WELL.. OKAY! LET'S DO IT!
BUT WHAT SHOULD IT BE ABOUT?
LET'S WRITE ABOUT HOW WE MET! I'LL DRAW YOU, AND YOU DRAW ME, OKAY? I ALREADY STARTED, SEE?
"SHAMMY"
OKAY, SO I GUESS I BETTER START PRACTICING, THEN...HOLD THAT POSE!
MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN CLAIRE DANES AND WINONA RYDER!


SO YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN ME AND THIS CARTOONIST CHICK, RIGHT?
WELL, WE NEVER *DID* FINISH THAT *DOPEY MINI-COMIC* FOR ONE THING...
MAINLY BECAUSE WE COULDN'T COME UP WITH A *DECENT ENDING*...
PLUS, WE FOUGHT LIKE *CATS 'N' DOGS*, ANYWAY...
SHE COULDN'T EVEN DRAW SIMPLE THINGS LIKE A *CLOCK* OR A *WINDOW*, SO *I* WOUND UP DOING ALL THE BORING BACKGROUND STUFF...
AND THEN HALF-WAY THROUGH THE STORY, SHE DECIDES SHE WANTS ME TO MAKE HER LOOK LIKE *EARTHA KITT*, AND WHEN I REFUSED, SHE ACCUSED ME OF BEING A *RACIST!*
.. HEY, I MAY NOT BE PERFECT, BUT I SURE AS HELL AIN'T NO RACIST!
SIGH
SO NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHE *DUMPED ME*, WHICH IS THE STORY OF MY FUCKING LIFE... OF COURSE, WHY *I* DIDN'T BREAK UP WITH HER *FIRST* IS A GOOD QUESTION...
ESPECIALLY AFTER SHE HAD A *GUSHING FAN LETTER* PUBLISHED IN *OPTIC NERVE!* I MEAN, THAT COMIC IS *SO OVERRATED!*
I COULD BARELY *GET IT UP* WITH HER ANYMORE AFTER THAT...
OH WELL, ENOUGH ABOUT *HER*...
I SHOULDN'T BE SO SPITEFUL ANYWAY, SINCE SHE *DID* GET ME STARTED ON MY CURRENT *SELF-PUBLISHING KICK*...
THAT'S RIGHT, THANKS TO HER I'VE BEEN PUTTING OUT XEROXED MINIS LIKE THIS ONE ON A *REGULAR BASIS!*
TENTACLE GAZER


IN FACT, ONE OF 'EM EVEN GOT *REVIEWED* IN SOME OBSCURE FANZINE...
HERE, LET ME READ IT TO YOU...
CARRIES CLIPPING WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES
AHEM..."NEWCOMER SHAMROCK SQUID IS THE LATEST ENTRANT IN THE NOW TIME-WORN 'GENRE' OF 'AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL' OR 'CONFESSIONAL' COMIX..."
"AND WHILE HIS WORK DOES DISPLAY A *MODICUM* OF TALENT, I WISH HE'D OVERCOME HIS TIRESOME HABIT OF ENDING EACH UNEVENTFUL INSTALLMENT WITH 'TO BE CONTINUED,' AS IF WE'LL STILL CARE OR EVEN *REMEMBER* WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE NEXT ISSUE COMES OUT EIGHT MONTHS LATER. YOUR LIFE AIN'T *THAT* INTERESTING, DUDE! ($2.00 PPD, TRADES WELCOME)"
...OKAY, SO IT WASN'T EXACTLY A *RAVE*, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN A SPIT IN THE EYE, RIGHT?
PLUS, I GOT A FEW ORDERS FROM IT...
TUCK!
...NOT THAT I'M GETTIN' RICH OFF THIS RACKET – WHO IS? AND I'D STILL LOVE TO HAVE A *REAL* PUBLISHER PUT OUT MY WORK... THAT'S STILL MY ULTIMATE GOAL...
BUT I STILL GET A THRILL EVERY TIME I GET A LETTER FROM SOMEONE WHO'S READ ONE OF MY COMICS AND DUG IT...ESPECIALLY IF IT'S A GIRL...
OH, BUT THIS ONE CHICK RECENTLY ACCUSED ME OF RIPPING OFF *HARVEY PEKAR* WITH THIS "TALKING TO THE READER" ROUTINE, BUT HEY... *EVERYBODY* DOES THIS! IT'S A *TRADITION!*
BESIDES, IT'S A LOT EASIER TO STAND HERE AND *TELL* YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO ME RATHER THAN HAVING TO *DRAW* IT!
I MEAN, GIMME A BREAK!
OH, AND THEN THIS *OTHER* LETTER-WRITER RECENTLY TOLD ME THAT I *STILL* DON'T KNOW HOW TO END A STORY...
TO BE CONTINUED...

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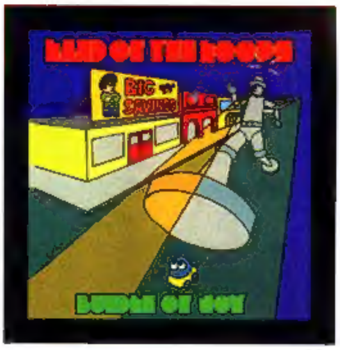
You read all about this "electronical music" in the magazines at the dentist's office but here's the real deal prepared, packaged and presented by the gourmands at Seattle's finest restaurant, Sweet Mother Records. Turntables, tape loops and a napkin to wipe yourself off with afterwards.

Pigeonhed Remixes
Putting the mix back in remix, the artists frequently known as Pigeonhed lent their songs to a mess o' catfish and got a Sunday potluck of all-star remixings back in their pocket. Sure, we could mention names. Here's one: Melvin.



Land of the Loops
Released last year by those monkeys at Up Records, we've attached Sub Pop booster rockets with which to blast this incredible record up your butt with a coconut. Local not lo-cal, these beats are strictly of the PHAT variety.

Beach Towel
I can't go to the beach. I get a sunburn from Mexican food. But you go ahead. Play volleyball. Wear a Speedo. See if I care. I've got my own beach right here with my special towel and my shell collection. I'm very lonely.

Supersuckers
Yep, this is a full-on country record with a fiddle and everything! But if you even try boot-scoot boogieing to this you'll end up with an achy breaky ass. From the persistent kicking you will receive, you see.

No Comment
Here at Sub Pop we're no stranger to legal problems and so we've developed this sure-fire response to litigious trouble makers. Wear this T-shirt and let the world know "You can't sue me, I'm legally sound!"

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